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LEND A HAND.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

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No. 1.

A VALUABLE paper of Doctor Crosby in our November issue, and Mr. Torrey's study of the statistics of Massachusetts in this number, are two illustrations, the number of which might be very largely increased, of the steady improvement of our social order. It is certain wealth means that which is *well* for people. A nation cannot grow in wealth, as this nation grows, without an improvement in social condition. This is an improvement which affects everybody, and the action is mutual. With better morals the nation grows richer, and as the nation grows richer its morals are improved.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that there are pessimists in the community. It is certainly well that

“Vice is a creature of so hideous mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

It is to be hoped that the time may never come when man's hatred of sin shall not be expressed by the pulpit, by the press, and in daily conversation. And no one need complain if the bitterness and extravagance of caricature lead to a certain exaggeration in the statements which are made. This is certain, — that it is impossible to exaggerate the blackness of vice, or to paint sin in worse colors than it deserves. But we are not to be so misled by the courage and success with which a great artist describes a single crime, or portrays the horror of sin in a single instance, that we shall fall into a condition

of despair, or shall suppose that the world is running backward. This would be really to say that there is no God ruling the world.

It is, indeed, impossible to take so small an arc in the great orb of history as is measured by the passage of twelve months, and from what passes in that time to say what are the laws of human progress, what the increased probability of the coming in of the Kingdom of God. We know too little of our own time, and too little of the underlying powers which are moving one iceberg north while another drifts south, to speak confidently of that which is right around us. The perspectives are too sudden, and our measures of proportion are not sure. But there is no danger in speaking of the last generation of men, and it is certain that that disposition which, in that time, has formed for itself the word "altruism," and uses so frequently the kindred words solidarity, unity, co-operation, and other phrases of mutual support, is a disposition which has not failed under the test of practical results. We published a short paper in our issue of September last which is of the very first importance to those who really care for the practical outcome of the theories on which is based the scientific charity of our time, in the description which Mr. Kellogg gave of the work of John Long in Philadelphia. There is told a very simple story of the application of Christian principles in a limited district. The district is small, but for that very reason the results can be studied with more precision than one dares to use when he is foraging at large; and "John Long's Way" is a fair demonstration of the result which may be obtained when we address ourselves to all sides of that problem at once. It is well for the world to be taught, even by an illustration on a small scale, that we have not simply to convince men of sin; we have not simply to persuade them to repentance; we have not simply to put them in neat houses; we have not simply to train them to temperance, order, and industry; we have not simply to reorganize society for them and show them how to bear each other's burdens;—but that we have all these things to do, and many more things

like them. And if we will undertake them all, in the common attack, on the right wing, on the left wing, in the centre, by the centre left, by the centre right, by the right centre, and by the left centre, our certain victory is won.

The remarkable literary event of the last year, in the subjects to which this journal addresses itself, is the publication of Mr. Charles Booth's book, reviewed by us in our issue of October. This book was published in June. If London and England had chosen to consider and inwardly digest what Mr. Booth and his coadjutors said of the dockyards of East London ;— if London and England had condescended to put their house in order as Mr. Booth quietly, but distinctly, suggested, — London and England might have been saved the loss of millions upon millions of the wealth for which a nation of shopkeepers cares, and the world would have been spared the scandal of seeing concessions made under terror which should have been made by such wisdom and good feeling as are bred from Christianity.

In what is even a more important chapter of the book, Mr. Booth and his associates point out the truth that nine-tenths of the dangers of our social order come from a very small class ; that the people with whom we have to do is his second class. What are familiarly called "casuals"—the people who do not know on Monday how they are to earn the bread which is to support their families in the new week—is virtually the only dangerous class. For even the criminals proper are so entirely under the eye of the government—if, indeed, not locked up in its strongholds—that magistrates and police do not dread them as they dread this larger class from which they have been bred.

But this body of casuals, if one may call such disjointed members a body, makes but eleven per cent. of the whole population. And perhaps the most encouraging part of Mr. Booth's very encouraging book is the suggestion which it makes to us, that even where the problem is as bad as it is in East London, we have not any Xerxes's army of a million people to deal with ; we have only these scattered 105,000 peo-

ple; and they only want to be made ready to earn their bread honestly, under the conditions in which more favored people are living. The percentage in London is probably larger than it is even in our worst American cities. London has not the convenient escapes which we have, in which people are absorbed from time to time, so that with us they scarcely become a permanent class. But even if our percentage were so high, it is easy to see that the handling a class or body as large as this is an enterprise quite within the means of any of our cities.

And, as every one in America knows, there is absolutely no such casual class outside the range of the large cities. It is a certain and very curious law of city life which attracts them absolutely from country districts, so that their presence in those districts is only known when they invade them in the capacity of tramps or vagrants.

The exigencies of cities are so pressing, and the instructions from Europe, in general, are so bad, that there are many Americans who forget, or perhaps never knew, that there are, in this country, towns and villages where, practically speaking, there is no criminal class, and no class of paupers. The House of Correction in many a county in America is empty half the time. There is many a poor-house in New England where they take summer boarders, because they have no one else to take.

The central office of our Lend a Hand Clubs is constantly receiving requests from clubs in those happy neighborhoods which tell us, not of a case of misery or of crime to be relieved, but that they want to know what they are to do in the relief of misery or the suppression of crime.

It is certainly true, as Doctor Brooks said so well the other day, that there are more good people in the world than there are bad people. There are more prosperous people in America than people who are not prosperous. The Christian church has not been mistaken in saying, for nineteen hundred years, that the Kingdom of God is coming, and far from ridiculing those who describe to us happy communities which know little

of crime and nothing of pauperism, far from saying that such communities exist only in the kingdom of No-where, we ought, on the other hand, to be glad that such communities exist in all parts of the country in which we live, and we ought to do our best to increase their number.

MR. RUSKIN'S PLAN.

WE will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quickly and safely,—not at forty miles an hour, in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts, or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields, and few birds. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it,—perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will, at least, try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots; we probably cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles—butterflies and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us, and feeble rays of science may dawn for us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers, and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men—nay, perhaps even an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting at such nativity gifts of gold and frankincense.

A WHITTLING SCHOOL.

BY HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?"

"SOME years ago, late of an afternoon in the early fall, I was strolling about near that noble pile, St. Mark's Chapel, in Venice, Italy. I had been admiring those much-travelled streets, the famous Horses of St. Mark — which, by the by, should be seen in the afternoon to be truly appreciated — and now I was approaching the great entrance to the chapel, when my eyes fell upon an elderly gentleman standing in the shadow of one of the large pillars. He was leaning against the marble, regardless of all around — the heaped-up magnificence of centuries, now glorious in the shadows of evening. With a piece of wood in his left hand, a small pocket-knife in his right, he was busy — whittling! I watched him a moment. He was skilfully shaping a human head in the wood. 'A New-Englander!' exclaimed I, to myself. Then, stepping up to the gentleman, I addressed him. Yes, he was from New England: so was I. We were friends. The old man told me that he always carried a pocket-knife and a bit of wood with him, since he had been abroad; for it was his custom always of the afternoon to find some quiet spot, and there, knife and wood in hand, to consider what he had seen during the early part of the day. Whittling helped him concentrate his thoughts. There you have it — Yankee ingenuity!"

This incident, from a friend's experience abroad, comes to me as I sit down to say a few words about a *Whittling School* I had charge of for six weeks during the past summer. As many people know, a few so-called Summer Schools have been carried on in Boston for several years during a part of the summer. These schools, depending for support upon the lib-

erality of benevolent people, are intended for boys and girls, anywhere from four to fourteen or fifteen years of age, who have to spend the summer months without occupation in the city. For the youngest children there is kindergarten work provided. For the older girls there are classes in sewing. The older boys are occupied either seating chairs with cane, or sawing (with jig-saws) brackets and trinkets, or learning to use knives — whittling. You see the object of these classes — to provide (during three hours in the day, five mornings of the week) some form of interesting occupation for these boys and girls. Thus the monotony of summer is broken by wholesome amusement. But the Whittling Department (sounding phrase!) is certainly of most interest to you and to me. Let me initiate you into the "mysteries" of a Whittling School.

First, of course, as director of a whittling school, it was my duty to provide knives and wood. A dozen knives were soon bought — knives such as shoe-makers use to pare leather, having blades three or four inches long. I fancy that a good cook would be glad of such a knife to peel her potatoes. It may at first seem strange that ordinary jack-knives, having blades which can be sheathed, were not procured. But the boy is so apt, in some mysterious way, to find a place in his pocket for a jack-knife, that I ventured so far to ignore custom as to provide these implements, less attractive, but quite as effective. Ordinary planed pine boards, seven-eighths of an inch thick, furnished material in which to work. Then I bought a few sheets of sand-paper, which I cut into pieces, perhaps two inches square. These small pieces I had always at hand, so that the boys might make their work satisfying to the eye by rubbing it with the rough paper. So the preparation for work is over, and how small the expense! Eight dollars must cover all costs.

But the school? Ah, yes. It is nine o'clock. A dozen boys, some very shabbily clad, and all ready for mischief, come into the room and seat themselves about a long table — its top of wood, set on two "horses," or stands, for support.

Let us say it is the fourth day of the session. Most of the utterly incorrigible urchins have left; they came for a day or two, but, under no strong compulsion to stay, concluded that the streets would offer better places of amusement. Occasionally I began the day with a story. This morning, seated at one end of the long table, with the eager faces upon me, I told of the experience of Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, the giant — how the crafty hero told the giant that his name was “No-man,” and so escaped at last, with his companions. “No-man has put out my eye! No-man has put out my eye!” — What boy is unable to appreciate the humor of this, and to laugh with Ulysses over the joke?

By half-past nine I have distributed rough, rectangular pieces of wood, seven or eight inches long, one piece to each boy, and shown the first model which I wish the boys to imitate — a tent-peg. After a few words of direction, I give out the knives. Work begins. The model tent-peg lies on the table; the boys are free to examine it.

“H-m-m!” exclaims one chap, “don’t yer wish ye could whittle like *that*?”

“You bet I do!” says another. “But look-a here, Jimmy, I bet I’ll beat ye; what d’yer say?”

“Jimmy” says nothing more for the present. But he sets to work on his wood with significant diligence. At least, the boys are interested.

Each boy is expected, first of all, to make his piece of wood smooth, and of the proper width, judged by the model. The length of each piece is the same. When a boy thinks that his piece is well-shaped, he comes to me to have me mark a line where the notch is to be made. Then he shapes the long end of the peg — the end which is to be driven into the ground. Next he has to shape the “head” of the peg, a task by no means easy. And, finally, by the use of a bit of sand-paper, the young workman hopes to make his work somewhat more pleasing to the eye. Occasionally a boy will whittle a piece of wood to no purpose. But, with care, one can prevent much waste of material. Two or three trials are enough

to allow, though the final result, from an artistic point of view, may not be pleasing. A word of praise stimulates the youngster, and especially the sight of the better work of his neighbor.

At last — one must occasionally exclaim to himself, "At last!" — the hands of the clock point to half-past ten. An hour, or an hour and a half at the utmost, is quite long enough for continuous work. I have several pencils which I pass to the boys. Each one writes his name on his piece of wood — a scrawl which, by the way, frequently has to be interpreted as "his mark." The knives are collected; the boys leave the room in line, going to another room to seat chairs, or to work with fret-saws, until noon, when the entire school is dismissed.

Now comes a second squad of a dozen boys, who are with me until noon. These new-comers are also eager for a story. Having heard the preceding day the story of "The Pied-Piper of Hamelin," as Browning relates it, they beg for another "rat story," as they phrase it. What shall it be? Southey's "Bishop Hatto" satisfies every one. By eleven o'clock all are busy at work on their tent-pegs. Do not think that the silence of the conventional school-room prevails. One after another, as he thinks that he has his work ready for the notch-line, comes to me for direction. There is some tramping of feet. At one end of the table there are three or four boys discussing that mighty man, John L. Sullivan, expressing the opinions of their elder brothers who read the newspapers. Occasionally one may hear a sentiment like this: —

"Don't you like this whittlin'? You bet *I* do! I wish we'd come in the afternoon. I'd ruther do this 'n be on the streets, wouldn't you?" Once more it is evident that the boys are interested.

Twelve o'clock comes. Again the knives must be collected and counted.

"Boys, how is this? there are only eleven knives."

Immediately the youngsters look under the table, up at the ceiling, and out of the window. No one has seen the missing

knife. One chap is careful to keep his coat close about his body. He glances at me furtively.

"Sam," and I look into his face, "Sam, have you seen the missing knife?"

"No, sir! no, sir!" exclaims Sam, somewhat meekly.

"Now, Sam, please put your hand into your back pocket, and see what you find."

The missing knife is produced, with a world of exclamations from "Sam" — that he knew not how it got there, that he did not wish to take it, etc., etc. The school is dismissed, the boys going out in line — all but two, who remain to sweep up the shavings. Generally there are two or three very willing to remain for a few moments. It is easy to get them to take pride in leaving a clean room.

It took most of my boys three days to finish their tent-pegs. Each boy was to fashion one peg. The second model, which I had ready, was called a "flower-pot stand," the idea of which I got from work done at the Sloyd School, or School in Educational Carpentry, in Boston, which is under the direction of a gentleman from Sweden. The "stand" is made by crossing two pieces of wood, each piece six inches or so long, so that the figure formed is a cross. Each piece is cut so as to leave a small projection, or "head," at its two ends. The two pieces, when mortised in the centre, form a stand which is large enough to hold a flower-pot, or some equally small article.

One morning, perhaps a week after the story of the adventure of Ulysses with Polyphemus, the room was unusually quiet. The boys were at work from a third model, a paper-cutter. Out of the way, in one corner, sat an urchin, humming to himself, evidently interested in his work, and regardless of those about him. Pretty soon I heard him exclaim — still to himself: "No-man has put out my eye! No-man has put out my eye!" The class began to laugh. The little fellow, evidently surprised at his own voice, looked up, saw me looking at him, smiled, and went on with his paper-cutter. Evidently his imagination was as busy as his hands. Ulysses was not forgotten.

Thus six weeks went swiftly by. Besides the models I have mentioned, there were a clothes-horse, about eight inches high, a wheel-barrow, perhaps ten inches in length from end to end of its side-bars, a rake, and two trellises for flowers. The wheel of the barrow was cut from a thin bit of wood, and rubbed with sand-paper until it was nearly round. The legs of the barrow were simply wooden pegs, pressed into small holes in the bars, holes bored with an awl. I had two awls which the boys used. The pieces for the sides and the floor of the barrow were fitted by the boys. I put these pieces together, using glue or small brads. The trellises were made of long, thin sticks, whittled by the boys. In these sticks, at intervals of three inches—the entire length of a single stick was, perhaps, twenty inches—holes were pierced, through which small withes of rattan were wound. These eight models gave work enough, with variety, for six weeks.

The last day came—a kind of exhibition-day it was. Having kept carefully all the work done by the boys, I had many tent-pegs, many paper-cutters to place about the room. There were eight wheel-barrow, besides rakes and trellises and flower-pot stands and clothes-horses. You would have smiled as you looked at those fifty tent-pegs, tied together by a string—the work of fifty boys. Every boy who came began with the tent-peg. Many got no further; they either found employment, or chose to get their amusement on the streets. And those fifty pegs would have told you as many tales had you known for six weeks the young makers of them. Most of the youngsters would have been glad to point out to you their work—work over which they had spent a good many happy hours. Their teacher (if one may use so formal a word, writing of so informal a school) had also spent happy hours with them, and bid them good-bye not without a feeling of sadness.

If you would know something more of these boys, I might call them (as I was fond of calling them to myself) my little “Timmy O’Flynn” and “Sol Solomons.” They were of

Irish and Jewish parentages. One was the son of a cab-driver, another the son of a coal-heaver. There were many sons of poor tailors, and sons of widows who supported themselves by sewing. Others came from families in more prosperous circumstances.

Let me mention one more incident to illustrate the brightness of many of my boys. One day I had several of the boys at my rooms: I wished to know more about them. One little chap seemed much interested in my books, which were arranged in an open case. He asked me if he might take out one of the books to look at. "Oh, yes," said I, thinking that he wished to look at pictures. What was my surprise to find that he had taken down Dr. Smith's "History of Greece." When I asked him what he wanted with that book, "Why," he replied, "I am looking for the story of Ulysses and the burning of Troy." He had heard me say, casually, that the account of Ulysses was to be found in the early history of Greece. I think that he had never heard of Ulysses before I told him the story. He came from one of the poorest families.

Reader — you who have followed my rambling account thus far — if ever, years hence, you are in Venice, and see, near the magnificent chapel of St. Mark, some old man busy whittling, I beg you not to turn from him as though he were committing sacrilege by his act. Rather approach him; you may find his story interesting. Indeed, it is barely possible that he may tell you that he first began to whittle long years before — one summer in the city of Boston, where, as a poor boy, his attention was drawn to some interesting aspects of life, and so his out-look was widened.

TITHES.

BY MISS S. H. PALFREY.

"Poor, dear Bessy, how wet you are ! Here give me your umbrella and water-proof, and I'll take them right into the bath-room."

"To keep company with the water-pipes?"

"Yes ; if the tank fails again, it will be so convenient to have a supply from without. Now let me unhook the rainy-day skirt. How lucky that you had it on ! Sit right down there before the fire, and take off your India rubbers. Here's some hot tea. After you were gone I had half a mind to wish I'd gone with you ; now I don't. It is rather important that one of us should always be alive to resuscitate the other."

"Very nice, certainly ; but if it weren't for my being unresuscitated —"

"And my being drowned, perhaps? —"

"Perhaps — I should wish you had been with me, for then we could have talked it over together."

"We can, as it is ; 'but I would fain die a dry death.'"

"The address was so interesting !"

"What was it about?"

"The 'slums' — a good deal of it."

"Well, the slums always are interesting — to hear about."

"But rather depressing — don't you think so? — and always so in want of money !"

"O, don't you envy the people who have money to give? So the hat went round, did it?"

"Too surely, — for a temperance coffee-saloon ; and I had nothing in my purse but one beggarly half-dollar, to pay for my carriage home !"

"And you bestowed that on the slums? It would go far towards explaining the condition of your draperies."

Bessy's eyes twinkled affirmatively.

"How fine! I did a noble deed myself, too, while you were gone."

"Go to; let us be proud of one another. What was it?"

"Cousin Anne came in —"

"*Did* she? I didn't know she was one of the amphibious."

"I don't believe she is usually; but she had a reason for wanting to find people at home. She came to tell us about a worthy man, formerly a professor, or tutor, or something, very ill, and so poor that he literally was in want of pills, and his family of butter, if not bread."

"Is it possible! What did you give her for him?"

"A quarter of a dollar."

"Why, Clara Howard!"

"Bessy, do not despise it. It was a noble deed, I repeat, and a pathetic,—a gift that shall go down to posterity, if I can make it, with the cup of water of the dying Sir Philip Sidney! That quarter of a dollar was the last that I had in the world. I was just making up my mind to beckon to the flower-man in the alley over the way, buy a nosegay, smell thereto, and die."

"What! you do not mean to tell me that your money for this quarter is all gone?"

"I did not mean to tell you; but it is."

"And what now, O Penuria, do you propose to live upon?"

"Why, I suppose 'the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker' will give me a fortnight's credit for once."

"No, no. Remember, when we made up our minds to take this 'flat,' it was on the understanding that we were to run into no debts."

"It would serve me right to starve."

"But it would not be good economy. You would be out of health before you died; and there would be the doctor's bill. I think I shall put you on bread and water, with accompaniments."

"Kind Pecunia! Of course, I do not mean it shall ever happen again, and I can't imagine how it did now."

"Perhaps I can. Have you been at the lace-counter at Glovey's again? Oh, you — transgressor! — Where shall I find a name hard enough for you? It is a monomania! It is a dipsomania! —"

"Let us be thankful it isn't a kleptomania. And then there's the old curiosity shop. I love to go there. It makes me alternately poor and unhappy. Why are people allowed to sell such infatuating things to the helpless and the tempted? Legislators haven't the least regard to my particular weakness."

"Too true. There ought to arise a *bric-a-brac* Father Matthew for your benefit. I would send you to him to take the total abstinence pledge, with a policeman, in hand-cuffs —"

"Of Brussels lace? I'd go with him in them in rapture — as far as the door. — Now am I absolved?"

"Yes; if you won't do so again."

"I shan't — till the next time, — I hope for a long time."

"'We may resume the march of our existence.' What else did Mr. Thinkley say?"

"He said something that set me thinking a good deal — about tithes."

"I know — what the Pharisees paid."

"Yes; and a good many people who aren't, I hope, Pharisees — many Episcopalians, he said, and I suppose religious Jews generally. If Jews can do it, it seems as if Christians ought to do as much. But if I spend all I have, as it is, and —"

"I more than I have —"

"I don't quite see how we can do it. Besides I couldn't help thinking it was, after all, rather a rigid and *Jewish* rule; don't it strike you so?"

"It does, indeed."

"I should think it would bear so much more hardly on the very poor than on the very rich. Take two women, for instance, one single, with an annual income of a million. She could give away one hundred thousand apparently, and live on nine hundred thousand a year, without any too torturing self-denial. A wife, or widow, on the other hand, who had only a hundred a year might chance to find herself pinched

upon ninety, especially if she were trying to lay up something for a dozen children."

"But we aren't so very rich, nor so very poor; and there's nobody dependent on us. A tenth of what we have wouldn't be so very much to give, at any rate; and I'm sure we don't want to be stingy."

"And Mr. Thinkley said it was stingy to be extravagant; because good citizens of the commonwealth of Christ would be public-spirited, and eager to do all they *could* for the welfare of the rest, and the service of their Master."

"That sticks a pin in my conscience, I must own. I'm afraid I have been no better than a spendthrift since I've had something to spend. That's a poor way of returning thanks. Living in Nouston has turned my head, perhaps. (How delightful it has been!) I must take heed to my ways. It would be easier to save with such an object."

"As a tutor and pills?"

"Well, yes, and others more or less similar. Suppose we were to try it for one quarter of a year, Bessy, by way of a scientific experiment,—not quite yet, though, because you will have a poor relation to support till the first of January; and then I shall have a debt to pay."

"No matter about that; you shall have board-wages in the meanwhile; because it wouldn't be proper for so young and charming a creature as I, to live in an apartment house without a companion."

"Dear Bessy! But it wouldn't be proper for so young and charming a creature as I, to take advantage of all your amiable weaknesses. No; we will settle all accounts fairly when you draw our next moneys; and then we will each put our tenth of what is left to each into our particular half of Uncle Jonathan's little double strong-box.—You have your key to it, haven't you? So have I.—We will keep that for charity, and consider it just as much beyond our reach for other spending as if it were given away already. Whenever we abstract any out, we will put in a paper to tell what it went for; and on the first of April, we will take every one out and read,—

and find out where so much of our property has gone, at all events."

"Like a pair of April —"

"Fools? — I hope not. We may gain wisdom by experience."

"Very well, Clara; it is a nice plan, or will be, with modifications. But I can't make any promise about it, nor let you. We might be only setting a conscience-trap for ourselves. We mustn't forget the charity that beginneth at home. Expenses come upon people sometimes that they can't foresee; and, plainly, it won't do for us to go on in this heedless way, spending up to the tops of our purses, if we don't want to find ourselves, some fine morning, coming down upon our unfortunate kinsfolk in the character of two highly discreditable and inconvenient bankrupts."

"To be sure: 'you must be just before you are generous.' *Vide* 'Harry and Lucy,' 'Frank,' 'Rosamond,' and Miss Edgeworth, in general. We won't promise, then; but we'll try, shan't we?"

They tried.

Bessy and Clara Howard (Bessy somehow usually got the credit, or discredit, of being the older, though which was so nobody really knew,) were twin sisters, of about thirty years of age. They had behind them a childhood and youth of not very many pleasures, and some privations, chiefly spent in a stagnant country town, but had borne them with too much cheerfulness and good humor to lose in them their fine natural powers of "having a good time" in any blameless and becoming way. They had been in the habit of handling very little money. They were reared by a widowed aunt, who kept house for her bachelor brother. She bought their plain clothes for them, with her own. Their cousin, Mrs. Bellen-ton, always sent them home from the visit they paid her in Nouston, every winter, with a trunkful of overflowings of her own and her daughters' very correct and tasteful wardrobes. Their uncle paid their few and small bills.

He was a retired, bookish man, of narrow means and life.

His kindness to them had been of a negative sort, consisting mostly of an absence of crossness. By and by he suddenly died of too little exercise and too much Greek and Latin. The widow went to live with a son. The estate just then rose in value by reason of a railroad coming to it. It was sold to advantage. The twins had their share; it was profitably invested for them by a financial brother-in-law; and, for the first time in their lives, they found themselves receivers of a regular income.

How much was it?

About the same as yours and ours, I believe.

What a remarkable coincidence! No, what do you mean, really?

Why, ours is a little more than is strictly needed for the legendary "meat, clothes, and fire," and a little less than one would like to have. Isn't yours?

O, precisely.

They came to Nouston to try to be of service to an invalid married sister, and to enjoy themselves; in both of which they succeeded notably. They were well-connected and well-befriended. They were tall, well-formed, graceful brunettes. They *made up* well, generally giving the impression of being undefinably well-dressed, though seldom, if ever, of being fine, and were often called handsome, although it was more from the spirit and agreeableness of their expression than from any special beauty of feature or color. They were so much alike that, when they wanted the fun of it, they puzzled their most intimate friends; and this resemblance extended even to voice, handwriting, and turns of phrase. They had almost all things in common, even to "the rainy-day skirt," and, in short, were so much like one soul in two bodies that they could "talk over together" everything, even to their charities, without self-consciousness or vanity, reserved as they were, constitutionally and instinctively, as well as from principle and habit, about their spiritual concerns towards the rest of the world.

Since their advent among "these scenes so charming," their

custom was to have their breakfast and dinner at the *restaurant* of their apartment house, to make their tea in their own parlor when they wanted it, and to employ a charwoman to take care of their rooms. Of course they tried to begin their economies by giving up the charwoman, but found they couldn't, because she was poor, and cried.

"It was such an uncharitable charity!" said Clara.

"And we can't make ourselves hermits or scarecrows, on account of Maude and Ella," said Bessy.

Maude and Ella were the daughters of the invalid sister and her *nouveau riche* husband. Their mother was alike inert and anxious about them. Their father's heart was set on "their havin' everythin' an' doin' everythin' jest like the fust gals in Nouston." But he did not exactly know what or how that might be; and there the Misses Howard had the advantage of him. Maude and Ella were good-natured and well-meaning young beings; but their standard of propriety and gentility was a somewhat monetary one; and if their *chaperon* aunts were to keep up any wholesome influence over them, it could hardly be done by an exhibition of self-denying shabbiness.

"No," answered Clara, "we can hardly expect them to

... Piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect."

The experimenters found means by degrees, however, to save in ways that made no show, and, so far as they could judge, did others no harm. The *bric-a-brac* man was supposed to be wealthy, "especially," as Bessy suggested, "since Clara came to town." Clara considerably "made room in his shop for other customers." They started a little earlier for church, and went on foot instead of in the overloaded cars. When it rained, they used the latter instead of *hacks*. They gave up cake and sweetmeats at their tea, "with a noteworthy diminution in their usual allowance of headaches." ("If they bought rather fewer things for themselves," — here Clara is quoted again, — they "made it up to Commerce by buying

rather more for other people.") They took books from the Public, instead of the Circulating, Library. It was further off, certainly; but then they "needed bodily exercise, unless they meant to go to the shades in the footsteps of poor, dear Uncle Jonathan; and it was much easier to walk when there was something to walk for." When Clara's "soul was athirst for beauty," she looked over her own laces, instead of Glovey's, and changed one of her photographs of the old masters from the bottom to the top of her pile every week. Bessy joined a friend in buying a "Symphony ticket," and went to half the concerts at half the cost. To make herself amends she became a member of the "Handel and Haydn Society," where her rich, mellow *contralto* and quick ear won her a hearty welcome, and where she had the advantage, not only of making the intimate acquaintance of those two great composers, and of Mozart and Mendelssohn, but the further one of earning tickets to the oratorios for Clara. They left off paying fancy prices for the sake of having their raiment from Colander's. In a word, they no longer let their money trickle through their fingers, but took pains to know how it went, and where, and enjoyed every dollar of it. It is not necessary to follow them further through their sumptuary list.

The end of the quarter came. They had neither made themselves ill or conspicuous, or one another unhappy, nor mortified their relations. They had gone without some good and pleasant things for the typical "Tutor and Pills," or, as it came to be contracted into a mystical watchword, "T. and P." But those that they had indulged in, they had relished all the more for the zest that comes of fasting. They had taken nothing from their tithes except for alms. Their accounts were all settled, and they found themselves still with money in their coffers as a nest-egg for the emergency-fund which Bessy was, very properly, desirous to establish in the Savings Bank.

"And now," said Clara, "let us open Pandora's box. There is hope in it, at any rate."

"Or memory."

Out came the neat little papers, with many a cheery reminder. The tutor had had, not only pills and potions, but numerous oranges and bunches of grapes. The charwoman had a pair of warm waterproof boots and an umbrella, to save her from illness and enforced idleness and want. Her children had danced for joy on New Year's Eve round the "ex-Christmas Tree" of Maude and Ella, still retaining many gilt balls and gew-gaws, and bedecked anew for the benefit of the little merry-makers with a great, red apple, a five-cent toy, and a pair of mittens, apiece. (There were no memoranda of large subscriptions to public charities. These were quite beyond the modest means of our dear twins. But to a few "objects," such as the "Sea-Shore Home" and the "Fresh Air Fund," they had given their names with small contributions. Bessy, it is true, had demurred, for shame at the latter's being no larger; but Clara replied, perhaps rightly, that "it might be of some use to set an example of people's not being ashamed to do what they could; for, if all would only do that, very many little gifts might amount to much more for the service of the church and the world than a very few great ones.") Mrs. Ewing's bewitching "Jan of the Windmill" and "From Six to Sixteen" had gone to the teachers of an Indian School, who longed for "a good laugh at night," well-earned when their hard day's work was done. A youth — lately a neighbor of our heroines, in the country, — "just getting about again from typhoid fever," but threatened with consumption, had all the new milk he could drink. (N. B. He recovered upon it.) An old man, whom a medical friend of theirs found one day crying in the bed to which he was confined by rheumatism, "cause his specs was a-gittin' younger for him every day, an' he couldn't see to read the *Pilot*," had a new and perfectly satisfactory pair, and a little looking-glass set up on the table beside him, at such an angle to his window that, when he was tired of reading, he could, like the Lady of Shalott, catch glimpses of the street and the passers-by. A shop-girl, "discharged incurable" from the General Hospital, had been sent to her home in Vermont,

warmly clad, and with a wholesome luncheon in her travelling-bag, besides her car-ticket and stage-fare. (A touchingly grateful letter from her mother, written upon her safe return, came out of the box.) An over-worked seamstress had, from Bessy, a safe, low, little rocking-horse and chaise for her little one-legged child, that henceforth drove and rocked itself contentedly for many an hour, instead of, by turns, crying at her feet to be taken up and sitting on her weary knee, while she painfully "sewed round it an' over it an' every way, 'twas so sort of onrestless." Clara had bought a rare photograph of Leonardo da Vinci's most beautiful head of the Saviour crowned with thorns, to pin on the wall of a dreary attic, where a poor woman lay dying by inches of cancer. (There was a little faint note in pencil from her to say that "looking at it helped her to pray in the night when she couldn't rest, and that once, when at last she did get to sleep, with it seeming to watch over her, she dreamed she was a lost lamb and the Good Shepherd was carrying her home through many and sharp thorns, out of the wilderness of this world.")

But really this catalogue is too long to recount. The above is a fair specimen of it. It enumerated chiefly small sums laid out, with as much thoughtfulness and good judgment as the givers were mistresses of, to bring as much enjoyment, or relief as possible for persons in sore need of one or all.

The sisters began to "read to themselves" before the end. At it, they clasped each other's hands, and looked into one another's eyes, and saw them shine through happy tears. When they found their voices again, Bessy said softly:—

"Darling Clara, we have had a great many delightful things to give thanks for in the three months past; but aren't these the very most delightful of all?"

Clara nodded. There was another pause; and then she took the word in her turn:—

"You said, when we began to try this, that Christians ought to do as much as Jews. Can't we—shan't we—find ways to do more?"

"God grant it!" said Bessy.

CAUSES OF POVERTY.

BY MISS ZILPHIA D. SMITH.

AN inquiry into the causes of pauperism in Manchester, England, was carried out in 1883 by Mr. Alexander McDougall. The results are very interesting. The particulars of 254 cases were investigated, excluding epileptic and lunatic cases; of these, 120 were out-door and 100 in-door (that is, paupers aided outside of institutions in their own homes and paupers aided inside of institutions), beside cases in the lock and vagrant wards. We can only give briefly the principal results, the cases being classified under ten classes. Class I. is pauperism caused by old age or infirmity, without any discredit, and explains nearly one-eighth of the pauperism of the township. Class II.: Pauperism caused by disease (not brought on by misconduct) or accidental injuries involving inability to work, many cases being supported by friends for a considerable time before relief is applied for; under this head nearly three times as many men as women applied. One-seventh of the cases come under this head. Class III.: Pauperism caused by the head of the family being unable to find employment, though willing to work. It is interesting to notice that, though trade is said to be in an unsatisfactory condition, and these inquiries were made in winter, not more than one-fortieth of the cases come under this head. Class IV.: Pauperism caused by idleness and thriftlessness apart from drunken and immoral habits. Not one case. Class V.: Pauperism caused by drunkenness in men; nearly one-fourth of the pauperism results from this cause, and applies more to men in skilled than in unskilled employments in the proportion of four to three. Class VI.: Drunkenness of women, causing one-twentieth of the pauperism of Manchester. Class VII.: Widows and children of drunkards. This class produces one-

fifth of the pauperism. Most of the husbands had been skilled workmen, and many had earned large wages. Class VIII. : Widows and children of well-conducted husbands; nearly one-sixth of the cases are so included. In contrast with the former class, the unskilled husbands preponderated over the skilled. Class IX. : Widows of well-conducted husbands who have drunken sons; these yield about one per cent. of the pauperism. Class X. : Women reduced to pauperism by immoral conduct, not drunkards; proportion not given; hope of their recovery entertained. Briefly, these facts show that, though drunkenness explains 51.24 per cent. of the pauperism of Manchester, 48.76 per cent. is produced independently of it.

DRINK AND POVERTY.

In a small pamphlet entitled "Drink and Poverty" Mr. McDougall writes as follows :—

If it may be assumed that fifty-five thousand of the population of Manchester are in a state of poverty, the probability is that in the United Kingdom there is a population of five and a half millions in a state of poverty.

What share has drink in keeping such an enormous number of our fellow-countrymen in poverty? Here, again, it is only possible to estimate from facts gathered in a restricted area. I made lengthened investigations into the causes of pauperism in the township of Manchester, which proved beyond doubt that 51.24 per cent. of the pauperism of the township was then (1883) caused directly by drinking habits, and gave strong reason for belief that a large portion of the remainder was indirectly brought about by drink. It was, of course, impossible to obtain accurate enumeration of the indirect results. There is every reason to believe that drink is the cause of poverty amongst those who become paupers by applying for poor-law relief, to a greater extent than amongst those who are impoverished, but do not apply to the guardians, and it would be a mistake to take results obtained from pauper details as a fair test of the whole of those who are in

poverty. But if more than one-half of the pauperism is certainly caused directly by drink, and a large, though uncertain, portion of the remainder is caused indirectly by drink, there can be no exaggeration in assuming that one-half of the whole poverty of the nation is due, either directly or indirectly, to habits of intemperance. This calculation leaves out of account altogether the bitter experiences of poverty in families where the fathers or the mothers earn sufficient for the necessities of life, and cannot be regarded as poor, but where so much of the income is wasted in drink that there is want of food, clothing, and necessaries. In these cases the misery and squalor is often deeper, and almost always much more visible, than in cases of the more or less helpless.

The drink traffic not only causes the impoverishment of two and three-quarter millions of persons, but it most obstinately hinders improvement of the condition of the other two and three-quarter millions whose poverty is not the result of drinking. This number contains some of the most patient, well-conducted, and reputable of the population. The most wretched streets, the darkest courts, and most crowded dwellings have in them some of the most decent and law-abiding women and men the country possesses. They are mingled with the dissolute and depraved, retaining honesty and uprightness in the midst of profligacy and vice; they are the true preservers of the peace, the salt that prevents the putrescence of the mass, to whom the nation owes an incalculable indebtedness for services unconsciously performed. I would venture to say that there is not an immoral man or woman in the neighborhoods known as disreputable, however completely he or she may have cast off self-restraint and regard for character, who has not daily examples of persons, close to such homes and haunts of vice, living honestly and morally clean lives, and who is not, to a degree not consciously known, restrained and influenced by the contact. It is not alone the law administered by the magistrates and police, though that influence is great, nor benevolence and kindness as shown by social and sanitary reformers, that curbs

and tames the evil passions and purposes of the depraved; but the community owes much of the preservation of social order to the unseen, but not unfelt, influence of the decent, straight neighbors always about the rough and villainous. Choice does not associate the good with the bad. The instances are comparatively few, I believe, of those who have consciously devoted themselves to the help and improvement of their neighbors. There are some few who, from a sense of duty, do this, and remain for the sake of usefulness when they might escape to pleasanter surroundings. Hard necessity holds the great number in their places. They do not give themselves any credit for good influence, but none the less do they act as antiseptics to the evil and lawlessness about them.

Space will not permit many instances to be stated, but, as illustrating what I am wishful to make clear, I give two. In a court behind a street well-known as bearing almost the worst character in Manchester lives a man, paralyzed, unable to leave an old sofa, which has been his bed for months. He was in the Royal Infirmary, and there pronounced incurable, but likely to live years with ordinary care. He could have been taken to the workhouse hospital at Crumpsall, where he would have had careful nursing and suitable food. He has no dread of the workhouse hospital, and would gladly go if he had any hope of cure. He speaks most gratefully of his treatment at the Royal Infirmary. But there is no hope of cure, and his wife and he have determined to keep together while he lives, and he refuses the comforts of a hospital and she refuses to let him go from her. She has made her home in this court, working in the room in which he lies, with only another room for their four children. She earns an average of 5s. (\$1.25) weekly; her eldest boy earns, at a situation, 5s. more, and on what is left out of 10s., after paying 2s. 6d. rent, and buying coal and light, the six live. (The condition of things is now improved by the guardians deciding to take two of the children into Swinton Schools.) This is a simple and very ordinary story. But what is the effect of the

woman's work? She says little to her neighbors. Her high purpose and her complete devotion to her husband and children have made other women ashamed of sin, and made men wish themselves worthy of women like her. She has no thought that she is doing anything but giving her life for her husband and children, has no knowledge of what the words "unconscious influence" mean — but none the less she is "a light shining in a dark place."

Another illustration. An old man, for forty years a laborer, never earning more than a weekly wage of 20s., who had brought up three sons (now decent working-men, married, with families), became unable to work longer, and is allowed 5s. weekly by his last employer; the rent is paid by his sons, who also give an occasional shilling when they visit him. This is the whole income for himself and his wife. Some time ago when in the street he met a young woman whom he recognized as the daughter of a man who used to work with him. He saw that she was out for immoral purposes, and spoke to her, telling her how sorry he was to find her leading such a life. As she appeared sorry and repentant he took her home to his wife to take care of her until he could see her father. He found that the father had removed to Bury, having left his work in Manchester from shame at his daughter's disgrace. On the Sunday, when he could expect to find the father at home, the old man walked the seven miles to Bury, and found his former mate, but could not prevail on him to take his daughter home. In fact, the father was very angry at being asked, and refused to listen. The old man walked back and told his wife that the girl must stay with them until the next Sunday, when he would try again. The next Sunday the old man walked to Bury and saw the father, who was somewhat softened, but still refused to see his daughter. A walk home again, and the old man and his wife settled that the girl should remain with them for another try to be made, and on the next Sunday he set out on the road hopeful to succeed. The father this time gave way, and on the following Monday the daughter went home, and has since lived at home, working regu-

larly. The old man and his wife don't know that they have done anything "out of common," or anything more than ought to be done "for a poor lass."

It is utterly impossible to form an estimate of the number of the reputable poor. But it must be very large, as any one who continuously visits any neighborhood, however low in character, finds; the longer the visits are continued, the larger becomes the number of persons for whom one must entertain a sincere respect. Goodness does not show up to the surface like badness. The marks of vice and licentiousness are always first seen, but the good can always be found, gradually but surely. I am deeply earnest in calling attention to this large admixture of the worthy amongst the unworthy, because the burden of hardship and suffering caused by drunkenness falls upon them more severely than even on the drunkards themselves. They live amidst the sights and sounds of debauchery caused by drink. Very many have sons, brothers, sisters, and relatives who, but for drink, would be earning not only sufficient for their own wants but also to help them, and also many because of drink are a burden, coming for shelter, food, and money, if there be any, after drunken bouts, to very needy relatives. It is hard for careful, saving people during their own time of strength and labor, to have the fruits of economy and thrift consumed by others. Not a small portion of the savings of hard-working men and women finds its way into the till of the drink-seller, dissipated by a son, brother, or other relative.

The suppression of the drink traffic would end the waste which now brings two and three-quarter millions to poverty, and set free the money now consumed in drink, and which gives back a comparatively small sum in wages, for food, clothing, furniture, and the accessories of home life, which pay back a large amount in wages. The suppression of the traffic would not only set free the money spent in indulgence to the extent of drunkenness, but also the money spent not to such excess, thus enormously expanding trade, and going a long way toward providing employment for all the capable.

Those who would remain in an impoverished condition would consist of good and bad — the good who might be temporarily out of work, widows with young children, sick, infirm, blind, insane, or in some way incapacitated; the bad who might be lazy, depraved, criminal, or immoral. In the condition of society that would follow the stoppage of the waste by drink, the good would be sufficiently cared for by private benevolence or in hospitals or asylums, whilst the bad would be left to be still a burden upon relatives, or to impose on the charitable, or to be in and out of the workhouse or prison. Strong drink is not the cause of all the poverty, pauperism, and crime of the country, but it is the direct cause of a large portion, and affects most injuriously very many who are not blameworthy, so that private charity is dismayed and acts at haphazard. Public administration of the poor-law is compelled to be too hard for the good, too easy for the bad, with the result that a very large number of our well-conducted, but more or less helpless, fellow-countrymen are left to endure the miseries and hardships of a lot for which they are not personally responsible. The responsibility rests with those whose will it is that the traffic should continue. It may be that there are many who are not willing to be without the facilities of obtaining what they regard as justifiable enjoyment, and are not disposed to forego their occasional pleasure for the sake of drunkards and profligates. They may so despise these for weakness and wickedness that even to save them they will not deny themselves a presumed benefit. Hard words are often used, especially by those engaged in the trade, against drunkards and loose livers. But can any amount of profit or enjoyment be justly purchasable at the cost of the poverty or pauperism of the good who must go down or be kept down by drunkards,—the children, the wives, the husbands, the mothers, the fathers, the sick or helpless relatives of those debased by drink? It may be that the chief culprit is the drunkard, who, of his own choice, debases and injures himself so that he neither fulfils, nor cares to fulfil, the common duties of home and kindred, but is the misery and

wretchedness of those dependent upon him all to be charged to him? Is nothing to be placed to the share of those who, knowing that the trade cannot possibly exist without producing such results, yet support it? And since the Providence of God has so adjusted the wonderful relationships of human society that the most debased being is not left without some one clinging to him either from affection or for support, and also that, for the sake of the wicked in this life, some of the good must be kept in contact so close as to be continual witnesses for truth and righteousness, is any profit or enjoyment rightly possessed that can only be gained by ensuring the inevitable suffering of those who have no choice but to endure the consequence of the sin of others?

IS CRIME INCREASING IN MASSACHUSETTS?

BY DAVID C. TORREY.

THE question which I shall endeavor to decide is not the technical question, whether the number of cases which are brought before the courts of justice are increasing from year to year; but the broader and more important question, whether there is an increase of crime in Massachusetts which indicates a decline in social order.

I use the word "crime" as meaning such violations of law as the civil courts punish when called upon to punish them; and by "increase of crime" I shall mean, not simply an increase of cases dealt with by the courts, but an increase of such cases as the courts might deal with if the cases were brought before them.

A complete study of the prison statistics returned to the Massachusetts Legislature during the last forty years compels the admission that the courts are making, from year to year, an increasing number of commitments to prisons. I give below the commitments to all prisons in Massachusetts during those years since 1850 in which a State census was taken. That the tendency of crime during these years may be clearly seen, I give also the population of the State and the number of people to each commitment.

Year.	Population.	Commitments.	No. of Population to each commitment.
1850	994,514	8,761	113
1855	1,132,369	16,032	70
1860	1,231,066	11,764	104
1865	1,267,030	9,918	127
1870	1,457,351	16,600	87
1875	1,651,912	24,548	67
1880	1,783,085	17,053	103
1885	1,942,141	26,651	72

This table shows that the proportion of commitments to population varies much from year to year; and that during

the course of the years selected there is a tendency to increase. Perhaps this increase can be best indicated by the average number of people to each commitment during the first half and the second half of the period. From 1850 to 1865 there was one commitment to one hundred and three persons; from 1870 to 1885 there was one commitment to eighty-two persons; an increase of almost exactly twenty-five per cent.

If we stopped our inquiry here we should be made to acknowledge that crime is increasing. But figures do not always tell the whole truth, and an examination behind them in this case reveals a much different state of affairs from that which the surface indicates. The form in which the reports have been made to the Legislature enables us to divide the crimes for which commitments are made into two classes: the crimes more dangerous to society, like murder and burglary; and the crimes less dangerous, like drunkenness and disturbing the peace. To show clearly the movements in crime in the State, I make this division in two ways; first, by separating crimes against persons and property from crimes against public order: and second, by separating the crimes other than intemperance from crimes of intemperance.

Owing to the form in which the statistics were returned to the State, I cannot make the separation by the first plan cover a long series of years. This division was made in the returns for 1865, but was not in those for 1875. This division indicates well the changes in crime in recent years.

Year.	Commitments for crimes against			Total commitments for crimes against Persons and Property.
	Persons.	Property.	Order and Decency.	
1865	991	2,984	5,760	3,975
1870	1,808	3,289	11,290	5,097
1879	1,514	2,264	12,723	3,778
1880	1,674	2,105	13,274	3,779
1881	1,687	2,238	13,137	3,925
1882	1,695	2,318	18,852	4,013
1883	1,661	2,369	20,095	4,030
1884	1,834	2,666	22,239	4,500
1885	1,880	2,959	21,812	4,839
1886	1,771	2,478	21,209	4,249
1887	1,654	2,477	22,694	4,131

This table shows that the marked increase in commitments is confined to the less serious crimes,—those against public order and decency. Before discussing this table at length, I present the division of crimes by the second plan, that of the crimes of intemperance from all other crimes. Here I am able to compare the commitments for crimes with the population of the State through a wider range of years. In 1875 the gross commitments were returned, but no division by crimes was made. In commitments for intemperance are included commitments for drunkenness and as common drunkards.

Year.	Total of Commitments.	Commitments for Intemperance.	Commitments for all crimes other than Intemperance.
1850	8,761	3,341	5,420
1855	16,032	8,221	7,811
1860	11,764	3,442	8,322
1865	9,918	4,302	5,616
1870	16,600	9,350	7,250
1875	24,548		
1880	17,053	10,962	6,091
1885	26,651	18,701	7,950

As the previous division in table No. 2 showed that the marked increase of commitments was for crimes against public order, this table shows that the marked increase is in commitments for intemperance. A comparison of the commitments with the population of the State in the years in which the commitments were made, proves that the increase in commitments which I have shown in table No. 1 is confined wholly to crimes against public order; and even that the commitments for all crimes, other than intemperance, taken together, are not only not increasing, but show a marked decrease.

The following table shows the commitments in proportion to population for the more serious crimes during those years in which a comparison can be made with the population of the State:—

Year.	Number of inhabitants to each commitment for crimes against	
	Persons and Property.	Public Order and Decency.
1865	318	219
1870	285	129
1875*		
1880	471	134
1885	403	89

It is seen that the average in 1865 and 1870 was one commitment for crime against persons or property for about each three hundred and one inhabitants; while in 1880 and 1885 the average was one commitment to about four hundred and thirty-six inhabitants. This indicates a decrease in the more serious crimes of forty-four per cent.

Let us apply the same method of comparison with population to the commitments, as divided by our second plan, into those for intemperance and those for all other crimes. For our purpose, only the ratio to population of commitments for crimes other than intemperance need be shown.

Year.	Commitments not for Intemperance.	
1850	5,420	1 to 183 Inhabitants.
1855	7,811	1 " 144 "
1860	8,322	1 " 147 "
1865	5,616	1 " 225 "
1870	7,250	1 " 201 "
1875		
1880	6,091	1 " 280 "
1885	7,950	1 " 244 "

Here we find again that there has been a marked decrease in the commitments for all crimes, other than intemperance, taken together, in proportion to the population of the State. From 1850 to 1865 the average of commitments was one to about one hundred and seventy-four inhabitants; from 1870 to 1885 it was one commitment to about two hundred and forty-one inhabitants. Thus a decrease of thirty-eight per cent. is indicated in all crimes other than those of intemperance.

I have now shown, as conclusively as can be shown by figures, that the crimes more dangerous to social order are not

* This division was not made in returns to Legislature.

increasing, but that, on the contrary, they are diminishing at a rapid rate; more than this, I have shown that all crimes taken together, other than intemperance, are decreasing at a rate almost as rapid. I can now confine my inquiry about the increase of crime in Massachusetts to the one crime of intemperance.

The question resolves itself to this, is intemperance increasing? The number of commitments indicates that it is. The total number of commitments is increasing, the commitments for all crimes other than intemperance are not increasing, then the commitments for intemperance must be increasing.

I think, however, that it can be shown that the increase in commitments for intemperance does not, as in the case of more serious crimes, necessarily indicate an increase in crime, and to show that this increase can be accounted for by changes in law, and changes in public opinion.

The common opinion of intemperance as a crime is very different from the opinion of murder, or burglary, or even petty larceny. This is shown by the fact that while it is the exception that a person guilty of these other crimes escapes trial and conviction, comparatively few of the men who drink to excess are punished by the courts. Because of this difference in opinion of crimes, the commitments for more serious crimes could not increase without an actual increase of those crimes, but there is a chance for an increase of commitments for intemperance without an actual increase of intemperance.

Changes in the law affect the number of commitments for intemperance. In 1874, under a prohibitory law, the convictions for drunkenness in the State numbered 23,981; in 1877, under a local option law, the number fell to 17,862. In Boston alone in 1874 the convictions numbered 11,428; but in 1877, with 2,834 licenses, the convictions for drunkenness were only 7,539.

The number of commitments for intemperance depends also upon public opinion. There is a large and vaguely defined field of intemperance from which increasing commitments may come without increasing intemperance. The number of

men who are intemperate and escape arrest is so large that an increase of commitments for a long series of years is not incompatible with an actual decrease of intemperance. Public opinion decides the point at which the drinking-man is no longer sober, but becomes a subject for commitment. It makes the law, and supports the policeman who makes the arrest, and the court which commits the drunken man. It is reasonable to believe that continual agitation has aroused public sentiment against intemperance, and so affected the laws and the courts that an increase of commitments for intemperance has taken place without a corresponding increase of crime.

The single change which is made when the new legislation of any year makes a drunkard pay a fine where he would have been imprisoned under the old law, or, on the other hand, imprisons him where formerly he would have paid a fine, is enough to change entirely the proportions of "commitments" to the population. But these changes do not, of course, affect the real proportion of drunkenness.

From the facts I have presented, I think the following conclusions can be drawn:—

The commitments by the courts in Massachusetts are increasing.

The more serious crimes,—those against persons and property,—are decreasing rapidly.

In all crimes, other than intemperance, taken together, there is also a rapid decrease.

The increased commitments for intemperance do not necessarily indicate an actual increase of intemperance; for they may depend upon changes in law, and changes in public opinion.

On these grounds, I think it safe to deny that there is an increase of crime in Massachusetts which threatens social order, or which indicates that, in spite of the educational, philanthropic, and religious effort in the State, its civilization is declining.

THE APACHES AT MT. VERNON.

[Monthly report of teachers sent by the Boston Citizen-ship Committee to the Apache captives at Mt. Vernon, Ala.]

MT. VERNON, ALA.

NOVEMBER 1st was our first day in the new school-house, sent by favor of the Secretary of War, and it was a field-day for the Apaches.

The room looked very inviting. Miss Stephens had one or two ordinary colored prints left over from last year, which she tacked on the wall, and wondering spectators soon gathered around them. A large black-board hung at the back of the platform between the two end windows. On one side was a table with chart, pencils, ink, etc.; and on the other side, the melodeon. On a line with the platform were several red chairs, taken from our porch. They looked bright and inviting, and one of them was especially set aside for Jeronimo. There he sat in savage majesty and scowled at all bad boys and girls. I think seriously of rewarding his services after the old Greek fashion — not by a laurel wreath exactly, but by a red sash to be tied over one shoulder and under the opposite arm. If the committee would add some sort of a medal containing thanks for his efforts in behalf of the children, I believe we should have him for life. Lately he seems to be growing a little weary; and there is small wonder, when we consider what it is for a wild Indian to do, day after day, what he has done. Even a civilized Christian might grow weary under such well-doing — unless — he was paid a salary.

Major Kellogg is much impressed with his value, and has mentioned it in his letter concerning the mission to the Secretary of War. He is going to have a special interview with him, in order to compliment him, and thus refresh his drooping energies.

On this first day there were forty children, among them many little tots, whom, for once, Jeronimo regarded with a mild complaisance that enabled him to permit their presence. As a rule, he thinks they have no business at school, being too young either to learn or keep quiet. I am beginning to think he is right, and intend in future to let him have his way. His services as an element of terror are too invaluable to be risked; and the school has grown so large, and the children are learning so much, that the infant-school regime will have to be abandoned. Without the little ones, there is an average attendance of thirty good-sized children. One day there were in addition about fifteen little toddlers. Jeronimo was in despair. He would not allow them so much as to peep in the room; but, stepping out on the little porch, he carefully closed the door behind him, and stood among them with awful countenance, silently, but violently, gesticulating in the direction of the woods. It reminded one of a frantic effort to get rid of a swarm of flies. The second day we were in the school-room the chart was mounted, and men and children were equally delighted. Miss Stephens and I both think it an invaluable help. We write the lesson from the chart on the black-board. The pupils read it from both, again and again, spelling each word; and then write it repeatedly on their slates. I soothe my children's restless desire to get up and run about by periodic singing and calisthenics. The calisthenics are a source of great delight. I introduce every figure within either my own or Miss Stephens's knowledge; and my pupils are such observant little mimics that they are beginning to do them very well. They are particularly delighted with their lessons in marching. There is something, even in the embryonic masculine mind, that finds a peculiar happiness in this dignified and self-important exercise. My ambition is to teach them to march so well that they can march around their Christmas tree and sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," all by themselves. Would it not be an idea to let Jeronimo lead them with the banner?

Their love of music is really amazing. I have started a

singing-school, which I originally intended for men and women, as well as children; but the children so predominate that they have taken possession of the field. Every afternoon the cow-bell is rung at four o'clock, or thereabouts, and all who wish come to the school. Like all the other sessions, it is entirely voluntary, but the attendance is good, averaging about forty.

One afternoon there were forty-three Indians assembled. Mrs. Foster, wife of one of the officers in the Barracks, plays our accompaniments, and Miss Mamie Leefe, the little school-girl daughter of another officer, helps us to sing. I stand on the platform, facing the audience, and beat time with a *baton* — otherwise a *parasol* — and lead. Some of the hymns the children know very well and sing very sweetly. They often sing them alone, and at first were wild with delight at hearing themselves in accord with the melodeon. Their little, childish voices are very musical, and they sing true and in excellent time. There is one little fellow — a thin, wiry Flibbertygibbet, known as Nat in these parts — who is very good-natured, but appallingly mischievous. He is particularly devoted to music; and, one afternoon, I noticed him seated on the end of the front bench, swinging his little feet, and more than once moving his head and arms, in unison with the sound; and singing with all his might. Whenever there was a break in the programme, he would call out, with a smile on his comical little face, "Sing 'Hallelujah! hallelujah!'" and would strike in and begin before Mrs. Foster's symphony was half over. One of their favorite hymns has "hallelujah!" in the chorus.

Miss Stephens's men seem to be more than ever interested in her efforts to enlighten them. They work for the Post alternate days, yet she nearly always has twenty, and sometimes as many as twenty-five, in her day school. Last Sunday there were thirty-five men at her afternoon service; and when I went in I could not but be struck by their fresh, clean appearance. Their attention is so unbroken one can hear a pin drop. Giles Lancey, the returned Carlisle boy, inter-

prets for her, as well as for the Sunday School, and interprets well. She has a very happy faculty of appealing to her men. They all seem to feel that when she gives an order it has to be obeyed; and they will get up at her command and leave their gambling, and march into church in the most lamb-like manner.

One day, just as I was about to close school, Miss Stephens hurried in and told me to dismiss immediately, and come with her to the camp, where I would see a sight I might never again have an opportunity of witnessing. I did as she said. The children, I noticed, had a scared look on their faces. They probably knew why she came, but had not been able to tell me. We went off at a rapid pace, and struck into the heart of the village. There, in front of Virginia's house, we found an assemblage of women all seated on the ground, in a sort of a circle, with their shawls over their heads, and their faces buried either in their hands or on their knees. They were sobbing, weeping, wailing. In the centre was a pile of gaudy materials — bright quilts, flowered cloths, red woolens, and, lying in state on them all, was a dead woman — a beautiful dead woman. Her face was dyed with a delicate red coloring that prevented all ghastliness of look; and she was full and unwasted, as though death had come to her in a sudden stroke, leaving her no time to suffer. Her neck, bosom, and arms were profusely ornamented with bead-work in gorgeous colors; her clothes were gay and clean; and her feet were incased in elaborately-wrought sandals. But all these things were soon forgotten before the shattered old woman — the mother — who was crouching beside her. She was naked to the waist, and such garments as she wore suggested the idea of sack-cloth and ashes. She was bent almost double, with her eyes on the dead face, and was perfectly silent, while the others wailed around her. Presently she, too, burst into wild sobs, and, stretching out her wasted arms, she lifted the senseless form and pressed it to her naked bosom, rocking it to and fro, as she might have done when it was an infant at the breast. Perhaps she had gone back to those days, and

dreamed that she held her helpless babe once more in her arms. All the while her tears were falling like rain, and her hysterical wailing was translated to us in phrases not unlike the noble old Biblical words, "Cry aloud! cry aloud!" Whether she was asking for sympathy, or calling on her child to speak to her again, we could not tell; but there was a wild, unstudied pathos in the whole thing that brought our tears thick and fast.

There were three motherless children — one of them quite a large girl. She was seated at a little distance, with the "capouse" basket in her arms, weeping softly. The old grandmother went to her, and led her to the corpse, forcing her to kneel beside it. The child shuddered, and sobbed piteously; but the old woman took her in her arms with a gentleness and tenderness born anew of her own grief, and compelled her to take the cold, dead hand in hers, all the while, with sobs and rushing words, stroking the still face and stony form. It was the child's farewell to her mother. Presently we slipped away to a garden just beyond the camp, and came back with our hands filled with such roses as grow only under Southern skies. The poor mother was sitting motionless by this time, and we asked her, through an interpreter, if we might place our flowers on her child. She consented, and Miss Stephens and I knelt down among the crouching Apaches and spread them over her, fastening their stems, by the mother's silent directions, under her brass-studded belt. Then Miss Stephens went to the head, and said, gently, "White woman, when she dies, has a prayer said over her. Let me say a prayer for her." She knelt on the pile of gay stuffs, and lifted both hands. Every sound was hushed, and, with breaking voice, she repeated the Lord's Prayer. The simple and noble words fell very sweetly on the sunlit air, and we felt that the Apaches knew it was an appeal to some Power for good.

After a little we began to notice women coming up, with different articles in their hands — one with an elaborate bead neck-lace; another with a gaily decorated saddle; another

with a shawl, and so on. They were bringing their offerings to their friend for her long journey — whither, no man could tell. These gifts were afterwards all buried with her in a grave whose location was, and always will be, kept a secret. Later still, everything the family owned — clothes, bedding, everything — was burned, and the family themselves, especially the widowed husband, will be required, by the customs of their world, to live in the most heart-rending isolation.

Miss Stephens has always longed and planned to get some hold upon the women. It seemed for a time impossible; but at last she talked the matter over with Mr. Rattan, the interpreter, and he undertook to have them assembled in the school-house a certain afternoon. It rained, it is true, but still there were eighty-three women present, most of them with a capouse. Miss Stephens made them a strong, sympathetic speech, which Mr. Rattan interpreted with an enthusiasm which showed his heart was in the matter. She appealed to them to give up drinking and gambling, and to devote themselves to their husbands and children. She then told them to come to school every Saturday morning, when she would talk to them and try to teach them to be better and happier. We sang several hymns for them afterwards, and when Mr. Rattan asked them if they liked it, they gave a hearty "Ow-on!" — yes! Since then Miss Stephens has had a well-attended school every Saturday morning.

We feel that the Indians will have in Major Kellogg, the new commandant, a wise and efficient friend.

Very respectfully,
SOPHIE SHEPARD.

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HENRY SHAW'S MONUMENT.

BY REV. JOHN C. LEARNED.

It was late in the evening of the third of May, 1819, when the "Maid of Orleans" reached St. Louis, and lay at the foot of Market Street. It was an event to be remembered, for it was the first steamboat built in Atlantic waters to make its way so far up the Mississippi. What it cost to sail from Philadelphia on such a conveyance we cannot say; but from the Crescent City a passenger's fare was, in those days, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars.

St. Louis was then a trading-post, having a population of less than four thousand. The American Fur Company, with John Jacob Astor as one of its partners, had already made a fortune there. Not far from the town lived the old pioneer, Daniel Boone, whom Chester Harding, the artist, found bed-ridden in his house, but cooking venison, fastened on his ramrod, as he lay by the fire. He was eighty years old, and died the next year. To this goal of the hunter and fur-trader, a little before this time, Timothy Flint came from Salem, Mass., to be surprised at the discovery of so many virtues in the midst of such latitude of custom and downright barbarism. He claims to have been the first Protestant to administer the rite of the Lord's Supper on the west bank of the Mississippi. Most of the population was Catholic — made up of French, Irish, and Spanish.

Here came bands and representatives from many Indian tribes, as regular visitors. "The wild, naked, low-browed Sioux, the tall, lordly Osage, the Knistenean from the Great Slave Lake, the fair and ornate Mandan from the Upper Missouri; the Shoshone and the Nez Perce habitually encountered the descendants of Uncas and Tamineh, from the Delaware

and Long Island Sound; the fierce Iroquois and brave Wyandot, the panther of the canebrake, the wandering Shawanese, and the sensual and volatile Illinois, meeting, in turn, the gayly-clad, dark-skinned, handsome Seminole and Creek, the Cherokee, the Tallapoosa, the Yazoo, the Chickasaw, and the last remnants of those Southern, sun-worshipping tribes who are supposed to be descendants of the semi-civilized mound-builders."

But on that first steamboat from New Orleans was a youth from England, not yet nineteen years old (for he was born July 24, 1800), coming to settle as near as he could at the very heart of America, and so cast in his lot with the people. He left the boat the next morning. As became a youth from Sheffield — and in those years there was no tariff to trouble him — he brought along a small stock of cutlery. And as he had served an apprenticeship to the hardware trade, at home, he was well prepared to set up business upon his arrival. He was an intelligent and observing youth, and soon saw what openings there were for a man in his craft. He added to his first equipment Indian supplies, such as hatchets, fish-hooks, awls, traps, and camp-kettles.

This young Englishman was Henry Shaw. He established himself on the river-front, and gave himself to money-making in earnest. He economized in his habits, was his own clerk and porter, occupied inexpensive quarters, for a time boarding himself. He went very little into society, but often spent an evening playing chess. He was far-sighted, and prospered in his undertakings. And in twenty years, or about 1840, he retired from business, with a fortune estimated at a quarter of a million.

For the next ten years he travelled abroad, and through many lands. He had never married, and there is a legend that all through those busy years of trade and investment he had cherished the recollection and love of a fair English maiden, a sweet "might have been," which, however, a return to Sheffield served to dispel from his prudent heart. But be that as it may, the visit to Europe filled his mind with another

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project and passion, which has just found its fulfillment in one of the best gifts ever made to a great city.

Mr. Shaw must always have had a fondness for flowers. The costly conservatories and public-gardens of foreign lands must have suggested to him how he could indulge that taste to the fullest extent for himself, and spread it among the people. He began his garden about 1850. It was then far outside of the city limits, being nearly three miles from the Court House. He employed the best florists — men who had acquired their skill beyond the sea. A fifty-acre tract was selected for his plans, in the midst of which he built a handsome residence, which he occupied in summer. A portion of the land was enclosed by massive walls, and laid out with all the professional gardener's artistic taste. Conservatories were filled with the costliest exotics. A Museum of Botany was built, which, while not excluding specimens from other branches of natural history, was especially to preserve and exhibit every seed and leaf and flower, and wood and wonder of the vegetable kingdom. One portion of the garden was called the "*Fruticetum*," where every variety of edible fruit was to be found growing in its season. Another was the "*Arboretum*," where every kind of tree and shrub suited to this climate might be studied. The garden was thrown open to the people for their free enjoyment, on every day except Sunday and holidays, and for many years it was not only the most attractive feature to visitors in St. Louis, but it surpassed anything of the kind in the United States.

Gradually, it would seem, the idea came to Mr. Shaw of leaving this garden, when he could no longer occupy it, to the city of his adoption. The plan grew in his mind until it included a park also. As the whole tract which he owned, of which the garden was a part, consisted of eight hundred acres, he had ample scope for his munificent designs.

In 1859 the name of Henry Shaw became widely known by his being party to a suit for breach of promise. The suit was instituted by Miss Effie Carstang, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y.; damages were laid at \$100,000, and the jury, after a

strongly contested trial, awarded the lady that sum. By urgent efforts, however, a new trial was granted upon appeal, and the verdict was reversed.

In 1868 Mr. Shaw made a proposition to the city authorities to give them about two hundred acres of ground, but requiring of the city an expenditure of \$360,000 for its improvement as a public park. With some modifications, the proposition was eventually accepted, and in the summer of 1870 the tract was formally opened under the name of Tower Grove Park. Besides the annual expenditure of \$25,000 by the city for improvements, among the most notable gifts by Mr. Shaw to this pleasure resort are three colossal bronze statues — Shakespeare, Humboldt, and Columbus — from the foundry of Mueller, in Munich, quite unsurpassed in their noble beauty.

In 1885 Mr. Shaw proposed to the directors of Washington University, of which Dr. Eliot was then chancellor, to endow a *School of Botany* as one of its departments. The offer was accepted, property yielding over \$5,000 yearly revenue was set apart for this object, and, with the advice of Dr. Asa Gray of Harvard University, Mr. William Trelease was elected to the new chair, as "Engelmann Professor of Botany." Dr. Engelmann's unedited, but valuable, works were published in a handsome edition by the assistance of Mr. Shaw.

On the 25th of August, 1889, Henry Shaw died at his house in the garden he had made. That day the flags in Tower Grove Park hung half-mast, and instead of the usual Sunday concert there was silence. Though not a church-goer, he had formerly made some gifts to the Episcopal Church, was an Episcopalian by conviction, and was buried from the cathedral with Episcopal rites. His body was placed in the elaborate and costly mausoleum long since made ready in the garden grounds for its reception. Although it was generally understood that a great gift was in store for the city at his death, the rather exclusive private life and the peculiarities of the man excited great interest in "the last will and testa-

ment," which should decree the final disposition of his property. Few persons had any conception of its value or extent.

Of personal gifts, a few hundred dollars each was bequeathed to relatives in England. The bishop of the diocese was to receive two hundred dollars per annum for preaching each year a sermon on the goodness of God as illustrated in nature by the flowers and fruits of the earth. To those individuals who made up the small circle of his most intimate friends, to some of those who had had the honor of eating and drinking wine with him in his house, he gave keep-sakes: here a painting, there a mantel clock, here a Jurgensen watch, there a carriage, or a copy of Shakespeare, or a dozen bottles of choice wine. By far the largest personal gifts were made to Mrs. Rebecca Edom, who had been for the last twenty-five years his house-keeper, and "the nurse of his old age." To ten or fifteen of the charitable institutions of the city he gave one thousand dollars each. But the principal bequest was the large tract of real estate given to the city for the uses of a park and botanical garden, which the leases from such portions as may be built upon will richly support and endow. It may well be the joy and pride of St. Louis in all future time. What the valuation is of that which will remain to the city has not yet been definitely determined. The estate has been valued as high as five million dollars. The whole is placed in the hands of a Board of Trustees, chosen by Mr. Shaw himself; among whom are perpetually included, in virtue of their office, the mayor of the city, the chancellor of Washington University, the bishop of the Episcopal Church, the president of the Board of Public Schools, and the president of the Academy of Science.

Two annual banquets are provided for: one for the Board of Trustees, for which one thousand dollars is appropriated; and one for the gardeners, to which florists and kitchen-gardeners are to be invited, for which four hundred dollars is to be expended.

Henry Shaw's name was seldom seen among subscribers to public charities; and if he gave liberally to private necessities

it was not generally known. His profitable rents were strictly exacted and promptly collected, and there was no lavish expenditure for the comfort of tenants. He had his own large purposes to cherish and carry out, and we see their culmination in the magnificent monument which he has builded and left to his fellow-citizens. On the green lawns, by the radiant flower-beds, by flowing fountains, under the grateful shade that already spreads over some hundreds of acres, easily reached by a city's population, the poorest people from his poorest tenements may now have the privilege of resting, refreshing, and enjoying themselves, without money and without price.

Whenever wealthy men, living or dead, spend their money for any form of public benefit, it is not lightly to be spoken of. We may not always be sure that their motives are free from selfishness; they may desire to perpetuate the memory of their names; they may have vanity or ambition, that "last infirmity of noble minds." But we must still be grateful for the Power over them which always overrules these for the lasting good of humanity. Yet we may feel sure that that in human nature, which, looking forward through years of time, toils and plans, saves and executes, that a great blessing may come at length to the people, has well earned our recognition, and an immortality. Those who live hereafter will be glad that Henry Shaw came to America, made money in the hardware business and out of his investments in land, and, dying, left us a free, healthful resort, and a noble institution for the education of the community.

TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a Hand.

It is with renewed energy and vigor that the clubs have taken up their regular organized work this winter. The demand for assistance in formation of clubs, for literature, for knowledge of the best and most practical work in philanthropy, in church work, and in education, is increasing every week. Little as the central bureau likes what is commonly called "red tape," it is so hard worked in its efforts to carry on so large a number of clubs with so slight an organization, that the demand obliges it to form committees who can give more time to the different departments, and thus render prompt and efficient aid in the great work of Ten Times One.

A meeting for this purpose has been called in Boston, and we hope in our next issue to give some more definite account of the plans for systematizing the work.

One point has, however, been already arranged, and many of the clubs have received circulars with relation to assessments. Until now, no assessments have ever been asked of the clubs. All expenses of printing, postage, etc., have been met by private generosity. But the amount needed each year for these purposes is more than should be left to the kindness of one person or the uncertain contributions of a few. It is necessary that the treasurer of Ten Times One should have a sum on which to draw to meet these expenses. After careful thought and consultation, it is deemed best to request the clubs to send annually a fee of ten cents for each member to Mr. Geo. E. Littlefield, Treasurer, Lend a Hand Office, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston. Fees sent in now cover the year 1890. It is hoped that the clubs will understand the need of prompt payment of this assessment, that the central organization may do more efficient work, and extend the knowledge and usefulness of Ten Times One.

We beg the leaders of clubs to understand that this call has been made necessary simply by the success of our various organizations. The number of persons, young and old, who have at one time or another accepted the four mottoes, or in some way connected themselves with our plans, is now very large. It probably amounts to two hundred thousand persons or more. Every one of these persons has a right to address us here for counsel, for leaflets, and for general instructions. We should be sorry if they did not avail themselves of this right, and we think every active member of the Orders and clubs would be sorry also. But if they do address us, there must be some money with which to pay for printing, for postage, even for paper and for ink, and we believe that the active clubs would be glad to prove their activity by a general contribution for such purposes.

I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go down,
And never more shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate
Must not on man's convenience wait.

— *Longfellow.*

IN WINIFRED'S WARD.

BY MISS CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was out of sorts. "Everything is so monotonous," she said to herself over and over again. It rained, and she could not take her usual afternoon drive on the avenue, but that troubled her little. The driving was as monotonous as all the rest of existence. It was something of a change even to stay indoors at that hour of the day, but there was nothing in the house to interest her. From the window she sauntered to the piano, and, seating herself, struck listlessly a few chords. Gradually a less wearied look came over the young face, and she began to play in earnest, grand music at first, thrilling through the great room, then the airs of some old ballads, closing with a cheery song which she ended abruptly in the middle of a bar.

She rose from the piano and turned to the mantle. "Only four o'clock," she said aloud, with something like a groan. "I *never* saw such a day! There'll *never* be an end to it!" Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her. She crossed the room swiftly, walked through the long hall, and up a broad flight of stairs to a little room in the rear of the great house. As she approached she heard the sound of singing. How sweet and clear it was! And the words—the words were those of the old ballad she had so suddenly ceased playing, —

"Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day."

She entered the room as the song ceased. "Why, Ellen, I never knew you had such a voice. I never heard you sing before."

"It was your playing started me, Miss Roosevelt. But I'm so happy to-day!"

"Happy!" The young mistress of the great, grand house repeated the word with a strange intonation, as if it were a new one

to her. "Happy!" she said, for the second time, brushing aside a great heap of silk and lace from a broad, low table, and seating herself on one end of it. "Well, I'm wretched — miserable! *Such* a day — pouring from morning till night, and nothing new to read or — I thought I'd come up and try on some of the dresses again, — anything to kill time, and — what makes you happy?" she enquired, with a quick change of tone.

"My sister was taken to the hospital this morning," the young seamstress replied, smiling.

"What!" gasped Miss Roosevelt. "Hospital! Your sister!"

"The doctors decided three months ago that there was no help for her, but it was only last week that I had any hope of getting her into such a place — a place where she will be so splendidly taken care of, where she will have every comfort, and where I can go and see her every day!"

"Tell me all about it."

Miss Roosevelt pushed farther away from her the shining piles of silk, bending eagerly towards her companion.

It was a simple story, and took but a short time in the telling. Winifred Austin was one year younger than her sister. Early orphaned, they had struggled through girlhood and into young womanhood together, by the hardest sort of hard labor at the sewing-machine, until a spinal disease had developed with the younger one, making her a cripple for life.

"But the Hospital for Incurables, — do you know anything about the hospital, Miss Roosevelt? A very rich woman left the money to build it with."

Miss Roosevelt shook her head. She knew nothing of hospitals, — no more than she knew of prisons, and police courts, and other horrors with which she had always associated them.

"It's such a pleasant place, in Winnie's ward. The ladies of St. Mary's Mission, where we went to Sunday School, arranged so that she could go there. They gave her a sunny corner, too, — such a blessing, — and we're so thankful! Why, we're *happy*!" Her deft fingers busily plaited narrow folds in the silk as she talked on with animated manner and radiant face.

Miss Roosevelt sat still and watched her. This was a revelation. Why had she never before thought of this girl as a human being?

She had realized that she was a fine seamstress; her work was faultless, as was also the work of the sewing-machine standing near by her. She had hardly separated them in her thought. Yet this young girl had been coming to the great, granite mansion every day for weeks to sew for her; always with a placid face and cheery manner and rapid fingers, and yet with all the poverty and deprivation, with all the pain and the hopelessness of her humble home waiting for her every night after her day's work was done,— this poor sewing-girl happy because her only sister was in a hospital and the sun shone in her corner of the ward! A pang struck through her heart, like the birththroe of something terribly strong and great.

"Can you see your sister to-day?" she asked, suddenly.

"Oh, yes, that's the best part of it. I can see her every day after work is over."

Miss Roosevelt rose suddenly and pulled the bell rope. "Put away all this stuff," she said impulsively, taking the work out of Miss Austin's hands. "Get your hat on. I want to see your sister. Tell James to have the coupe at the door just as quick as he possibly can," she said to the maid who appeared in answer to her summons. Miss Austin hesitated.

"But such a storm, Miss Roosevelt! You never go out in such a rain as this!"

"It's high time I did then," Miss Roosevelt responded, with another pang, as she became conscious of the fact that the young sewing-girl had come and gone, unheeded, many times in just such pouring rain, and not in a carriage, either.

The drive was not a long one, the hospital which sheltered so much helplessness and suffering being but a few blocks from the Roosevelt house, which for generations had been the abode of elegance and abundance. Winifred's ward was not sunny to-day, unless one could designate as "sunshine in a shady place" the smile which lighted the sick girl's face at sight of her sister. She had heard much of the beautiful and wealthy Miss Roosevelt, and showed gratitude, but no surprise, at the unexpected visit.

"Will you please play something for my sister and the rest of them?" Miss Austin pleaded in a low tone. "They would all enjoy it so."

An upright piano stood in the hall just outside the ward, and Miss

Roosevelt went to it at once, glancing, as she passed, at the rows of beds on each side of her, and feeling as if she were walking in a strange, new world. It grew dark as she played on and on, forgetful of everything but the quiet, suffering souls by whom she was surrounded; and then she sang — sang as she had never sung before, — sweet, old, familiar hymns at first, and ending with the little ballad: —

“ 'Tis wintry weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.
And God is God, my darling,
Of the night as well as the day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way. ”

The music died away in soft, caressing chords. As she rose from her seat she found that she was surrounded by a group of women and children, — such women and children! She had never in all her life seen such thin, drawn faces, faces so old in youth, so stamped with the traces of human pain, so full of pathetic patience. Broken words, murmurs of gratitude, greeted her. The little children all tried to grasp her hands. Women kissed the folds of her garments. She stood stunned, overwhelmed, among them. One of the nurses, smiling, though her eyes were full of tears, gently moved them aside and laid her hand on Miss Roosevelt's shoulder. “It's so new for the patients,” she said, her voice trembling. “If they could hear you play and sing once in a while I'm sure it would do them more good than medicine. Just look at them!” The two passed down the ward together. Many of the women had struggled into a sitting position upon their narrow cots, a smile upon their pallid faces, a look of gratitude in their hollow eyes. They gazed upon her as she passed by with a look which was a prayer and a benediction.

This was not Miss Roosevelt's last visit to the hospital; it was the beginning of a long series of visits, made on regular days of the week, and at regular intervals, that the patients might know when to look forward to the pleasure which her coming gave them. It was a question whether she or they derived the most pleasure.

She told the story to other idle women, — women, like herself, with great talents, great fortunes, and unlimited leisure. “Just to go and play for those poor creatures? Just to sing a few songs for them? Why, of course. That’s a very little thing to do. I’d like to do it, but I should never have thought of such a thing,” — such was the sort of answer invariably returned to Miss Roosevelt’s appeal. Many, for the first time in their lives, thus learned why it is more blessed to give than to receive; how a man finds his life by losing it, and that one’s strongest hope for heaven is based upon one’s willingness to Lend a Hand on earth.

LEND A HAND.

AN APPEAL FROM THE KING’S DAUGHTERS OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE, VA., TO THE KING’S DAUGHTERS OF THE NORTH.

MANY circles of King’s Daughters have been formed among the girls of Hampton Institute. These girls are very willing to do work, but have little material or money to do with.

If any circles of King’s Daughters, or individual King’s Daughters, would like to do much good, they could do so by sending contributions of coarse flannel, that could be made up into warm skirts or bed-sacques for the poor old women, by these Hampton girls, or donations of small sums of money, that they could distribute among the poor of the neighborhood to help them get fuel and the bare necessities of life. The winter is certain to be a hard one for the poor in this region, as the crops have almost entirely failed from the effects of the wet season.

A KING’S DAUGHTER.

Any contributions may be sent to MISS M. N. MEAD, Bureau of Information, Hampton Institute, Va.

BROOKLYN CLUB SONG.

BY RUTH OGDEN.

Seems the world to you but a place of loss and pain,
Where the base are crowned, and the good are good in vain?
You are looking down, blank despair upon your face,
And all your view is narrowed to a little earth-bound space;
But one upward look, and behold! the hopeless sigh
Dies upon your lips for the wonders of God's sky,
Proving might divine, to your heart new courage bring,
And Faith once more, is free to soar toward Heaven on joyous
wing.

Seems all life to you but a tangled mystery,
Challenging your search to discover clue or key?
You are looking back, looking back on life's dark side,
And every flaw is brooded o'er till sadly magnified;
But one forward look, and behold! oh, blessed sight!
All the future glows with a clear, transforming light.
Hope uplifts her torch, and you know, beyond a doubt,
That God some day, in His own way, will smooth the tangle out.

Seems your life to you but a stretch of toilsome years,
Strangers all to joy and beset by many fears?
You are looking in, on your own small ills intent,
Unmindful quite of all that's bright, — on mere self-pity bent.
Yet but once look out, and soon, rising self above,
Learn the lesson sweet, taught by Charity and Love;
Learn how blessed those who "In His Name" ready stand
By word and deed, to all who need, to try to "Lend a Hand."

[The music for this song may be found in the January *Look-out*.]

MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

WE are accustomed to print at least once a year some account of this society. It does not accept the mottoes in word, but it does in spirit. It is, in truth, a Lend a Hand Club, and our club members will be glad to know that the founder of the Lend a Hand clubs clasped hands with the founder of the Ministering Children's League, and pinned upon her dress the badge of our clubs.

November 30th, the Countess of Meath addressed an audience in Boston, among which were many children who are members of the League. She explained the object to them, and in a most entertaining manner related stories showing the loveliness of unselfish living. The next week she spoke to a similar audience at Trinity Chapel, New York City.

The Countess of Meath has addressed a letter to those who intend joining the League. We take great pleasure in printing it here.

"Dear Friends, — As it is your kind intention to join the Ministering Children's League in order to be an aid to the little members in whom you are specially interested, I would take this opportunity of thanking you very heartily for so doing, for the League, — if it is to have a good influence over children, — must needs obtain the co-operation of parents and teachers. The 'M. C. L.' seeks only to be an aid to those who are the natural guardians of the little ones, and not to deprive them of all responsibility in training them in unselfish ways. Without the assistance of elders it would fail to accomplish that to which, with the help of Providence, it aspires, namely, to rear up a goodly band of self-denying children who may hereafter become ministering men and women, a blessing not only to their own homes, but also willing workers in schemes of wide-spread benevolence. If these little ones are eventually to become ministering men and women, their training can scarcely begin too early. As soon as a child can understand what it is to be kind, he can become a member of the 'M. C. L.' The simple rule of the League can be carried out in his baby-fashion; it matters little how humble may be the 'kind deeds' done, provided the wish to be helpful is inculcated. How different is the training to which many (should I be exaggerating if I said most?) of our children are exposed! The nurseries of the rich are often the very hot-beds of self-indulgence, and as years go on — more especially in the case of

the boy — there is little or any improvement. His education, his sports, his holidays, are held up to his mind as of paramount importance. What wonder, then, if there are comparatively few self-sacrificing lives to be found amongst us !

“ Some excellent people have feared lest banding children together in a League to do deeds of charity might have the bad effect of destroying the sweet innocency of childish action, and lead to self-consciousness and to ostentatious giving. Such persons may surely sometimes alarm themselves unnecessarily. It would, indeed, be a sad misnomer to call a priggish little boaster — one who makes much of every trifling kind deed — ‘ a ministering child.’ Granted, however, that the ‘ M. C. L.’ in some exceptional instances could have a tendency to exercise such an unfortunate influence, it is just here where the Associate’s aid is needed. The child should at once be taught that the whole worth of what outwardly appears to be a charitable action, depends upon the spirit in which it is performed, and he should be reminded how unlike the mind of the ‘ Holy Child Jesus’ is that of the foolish little boaster. They who are disposed to criticise the ‘ M. C. L.’ would do well to remember that we impose no vow or binding promise on children who join this association. They are banded together for the object of helping them to learn to be kind and useful to others. If in some cases the association fails to accomplish this desirable end, and the parents do not consider that their little ones are the better for belonging to it, they can at once be withdrawn. There is one other adverse criticism to which I would allude, namely, that in asking a child ‘ to try and do AT LEAST one kind deed every day,’ we may be putting an extra burden on a sensitive youthful conscience. In such cases the Associate’s aid is again needed, for it rests with her to explain to any troubled little one, that if he has honestly tried to keep the rule it has not been broken, even though the child cannot recall any definite kind act attempted during the course of the day. The mere trying has been, in itself, the observance of the rule, and such training helps him to acquire that habit of usefulness which causes the lives of many in ripper years to be singularly blessed.

“ Believe me, yours very faithfully,

“ M. J. BRABAZON,

“ *Central Secretary, ‘ M. C. L.’* ”

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

PERSONS who are forming clubs, or are interested in Ten Times One work, are requested to address all letters of inquiry to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Whitman is the central secretary of the clubs, and will gladly give information or help in forming them. It is desirable to keep the list of clubs as complete as possible, and all clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes which have not sent in their names are requested to do so.

DETROIT, MICH.

ONE year ago Mrs. Whitman was a delegate to the convention of Christian Workers held in Detroit, and while here she related the good being done by the King's Daughters all over our land; and so inspiring were her words, that a number of girls boarding at the Young Woman's Home decided to form a band; so, accordingly, Thanksgiving morning they met in the Home sitting-room and organized a club, which they named "Unity."

The first important act of the society was the adoption of a little four-year-old girl, whose home was one of wretchedness. As the King's Daughters thought nothing could be done without money, they set out to earn some by giving entertainments.

During the winter two were given, the first of which was a success financially, thus enabling the society to provide bountifully for the child, as well as the other members of the same family. The proceeds from this entertainment were twenty dollars. From the second was realized twenty dollars, with an expense of fifteen dollars to Miss Fergerson (the lady who gave the entertainment), and three dollars and sixty-two cents for staging.

It was concluded, however, in the early spring, to give up the child, and turn their attention wherever duty demanded, and not hereafter concentrate all their efforts upon one. The parent of the child they adopted was getting along very nicely by this time.

Very little was done during the summer months, as the girls generally were out of the city. One of the members has gone far

west, but she writes that she finds plenty of work for the Daughter of the King, and enjoys wearing her badge I. H. N.

It is the aim of the society to visit the hospitals, and occasionally take flowers or fruit to the patients.

This constitutes the work up to September.

When the young ladies met again in the fall there seemed to be more enthusiasm than ever, and while as yet they have no fund to draw from, as they did at the beginning of the year, yet it can be said they have done more real work in the last month than in the ten preceding months. Each member has given all she could, so that now the work-room is running over with work to be done. Each meeting has been a work-meeting.

After the young ladies had sewed one evening upon just such material as they could find, the Lord directed them to a family in great and immediate need, and to this family a great many things have been given. They have been called upon every week for five weeks, and for ten days either one or another of the society has been there most all the time, doing such work as they could find to do I. H. N. Three other families have been called upon.

One of the ladies of the Home Board has taken a great interest in the society, and is doing all she can for it in her quiet, sweet way.

The society have made during the last two months (mostly from old material) the following articles: seven pair hose, four dresses, one morning wrapper, two sheets, one child's bonnet, three sets of infants' wardrobe, three suits of underwear, and patched and quilted one comfortable.

The Unity Club have handled over fifty-five dollars in the past year.

At the first of September there was forty cents in the treasury; since then thirty cents has been collected for fines, fifty cents donated, four dollars and fifty-five cents received for badges. Total received, five dollars and seventy-five cents. Expenditures, four dollars and fifty cents for badges; in treasury, one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Let us now, as Daughters of the King, congratulate ourselves upon the results of this our first year, and take new courage, working with more zeal, despising not the little things that we can do, always remembering our motto:—

" Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a Hand. "

HAVERHILL, MASS.

THE All Together Club of Haverhill conducts a series of Sunday evening services during the winter at the early hour of half-past five. Each service is in the hands of one member, who is requested to find his own substitute if unable to take the meeting assigned to him.

The first Sunday of the month is a praise or song service, and the second a children's service. The other evenings of the month are given to religious history, lives of good men, missionary services, etc. As will be readily seen, this is no small work the club has undertaken, but its name implies unity and strength, and that means continuance.

NEW YORK.

WE have had, on the whole, a fairly satisfactory year, but our rooms were so small we were greatly hindered in our work. We divided our boys into two sets, the younger ones coming on Monday afternoons, when the ladies of our committee took charge, the older boys on Thursday evenings, when we had a superintendent, and also a visitor from the committee. We had about forty boys on the Monday list, with an average of twelve or fifteen, and on the Thursday list about sixty names, with an average attendance of twenty. We closed about the first of June; and expect to reopen in October if we can find a suitable place.

This is very difficult to do, as people object vehemently to Boys' Clubs in their buildings. We found that the boys came very regularly, and seemed to be interested, which was encouraging, but we were unable, from lack of room and funds, to do any of the things we had planned, and had to content ourselves with getting the boys there (which, at least, kept them from the streets and saloons), reading to them, playing games with them, and every month they had an entertainment at the club room, and once the smaller boys were sent to Barnum's, and the older ones to see " Little Lord Fauntleroy. "

HYDE PARK, MASS.

THE Hyde Park Lend a Hand Club met in December, 1888, with five members, and commenced occasional meetings, which were interfered with for a while, and it was not until February, 1889, that we completed our Ten and commenced regular work. The meetings have been held since regularly and with increasing interest. We have at present sixteen members, and the indications are that we shall have to largely increase our number, or to form a new club.

Dr. Hale's visit and address to the club and their friends was an occasion of the greatest interest and profit. There were present representatives of all the Protestant religious societies in town, and there was an entire unanimity of feeling and expression in favor of united, unselfish work for others, and in thankfulness to him for his efforts and services in this cause.

The first work of our club consisted in collecting, by the members, garments, and repairing them, giving them to needy children known personally by the club.

We have a little service when we begin and close, repeating the mottoes together, singing, questions and answers about the present work. The leader gives a little talk upon something she has seen relating to the objects of the club, unselfish living, etc. Then we read from the LEND A HAND Magazine while the girls work upon little articles for a sale we mean to have when we get enough of them, for we can do so much with money.

EAST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

THE Rainbow Club of King's Daughters gave a fair Nov. 20th at a private house. The hours were from 5 o'clock to 9 p. m.

It was called "An Every Day Affair," being a bazaar of days; the days of the week being represented by tables supplied with articles for sale suggestive of the day represented.

Monday, with its motto, "The Chinese Must Go," of course came first. On this table were quantities of clothes-pins, soaps, wash-boards, and other utensils that are needed for the first day in the week. A grab-box was the objective point of every one of the little folks. The table was trimmed with indigo.

Tuesday had the motto, "We Smooth All Wrinkles Save Those of Time," indicative of ironing-day. At this table were sold aprons,

outline goods, iron-holders, iron-wax, and other things needed for the ironing-table. The color of the table was red.

Wednesday is "Mending Day," and our president, in colors of light blue, sold thread and mending yarns, with fancy bags and needle-books, appropriate to the motto, "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

Thursday's table was filled with goods, appropriate to shopping day. The motto was, "We Bid You Welcome," and the color, violet.

Friday's table was given to the sale of articles needed in the important work of sweeping. The color was green, and the motto, "A New Broom Sweeps Clean."

At the Saturday table confectionery was sold under the motto, "Sweets to the Sweet," and the color was yellow.

Ice-cream and cake found a ready sale. We made about one hundred and forty dollars. The greater part of this sum goes to the Working Girls' Club in Boston, a small sum to be sent to Japan, and a small sum to be retained in our treasury for future use. The rooms were prettily decorated in rainbow colors.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

It has come to another teacher and myself to start a Ten, or, rather, two Tens, among our girls. You know they are very poor, and cannot buy the little crosses, but Miss R—— has interested the Wellesley College Tens, and they are intending to provide crosses for us.

Here, as the girls go out to teach in the summer, start Sunday Schools, Bands of Hope, and do all they can for the good of their scholars, each one may mean fifty. Will you send me the papers which help in organizing, and the magazine?

OUR club seems to be growing so fast that before long we shall double our original Ten. The real object of our club is to do all the good we can, and to find out about the good that other people do.

Our work this winter is especially the mission fields in Africa, and we have commenced with Egypt, but it is so hard always to find just the thing that will interest young girls. We are now making candy-bags, scrap-books, etc., to send to the graduates' department at Hampton, for them to give out as they think best to the little colored Sunday Schools in the South for Christmas.

INTELLIGENCE.

NEW JERSEY LABOR LAW.

BY JOHN TUNIS.

[Eleventh Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries of New Jersey for the year ending October 31, 1888. Trenton, N. J.: Murphy Publishing Co., State Printers.]

THIS report from the Bureau of the State of New Jersey is one of particular pertinency, and cannot fail to furnish the proper foundation for future legislation. Not a few people would be surprised to learn how full of interest such a report is. Even the general reader of intelligence, when glancing his eye over a shelf of books, would certainly pass by one bearing such a title as the one at hand. It would seem like tempting Providence to undertake to look over such a book, much more to read it. And yet this report is as readable and alive with general interest as any popularizing of the great questions of social existence, or any book sugared and spiced and perfumed in the interests of literary indolence.

The ground covered in this report is Railroad Casualties, American and Foreign; Employers' Liability for Personal Injuries to Their Employees; Wage Statistics; Co-operative Building and Loan Associations of New Jersey; School Statistics; lastly, Labor Legislation.

Railroading is not the most dangerous occupation of ordinary labor, and yet the fixed and large number of casualties occurring on the railroad is serious. The most perilous occupation of all is mining, while fishing, the chemical industries, and the building trades follow. But one alarming feature is that the numbers of accidents on railroads for successive years show a high rate of increase. In 1880 there were 8,215 acci-

dents in the United States, an average of one to every ten miles of road operated, and of twenty-three accidents every day. What this means can only be understood by remembering that, as a rule, only serious accidents are reported, it being an object to suppress as many as possible. It may be some relief to learn that one's chances on boarding a train of being killed, are only one in 1,900,000, and that one can reasonably expect to travel 10,600,000 miles without being injured. One-half of the casualties to employes occur while they are coupling or handling cars, or are due to falling from trains, usually freight, while in motion. The railway managers have been urged to adopt an automatic coupler, which will make it unnecessary to expose the employe to the consequences of his own carelessness. It seems to be mainly a matter of expense, the companies not being able to do for freight cars what has been done for the passenger coaches. Another very simple remedy to prevent a large class of accidents is to furnish the tops of freight cars with a railing, to prevent the brakeman who must run from car to car from falling off. The exposure to danger which is involved in running along the ridge of the freight cars, often slippery with ice, can readily be appreciated. At the bottom of a large class of accidents, however, is overwork. In railroading, a day's labor sometimes means twenty-four hours, if the pressure of business requires it. "No matter if it be night or Sunday, no more pay is given, and if the tired employe stops to sleep before he is permitted to do so, he is docked a day's wages." The force of fatigue and drowsiness becomes so great from long-continued labor that care and prudence are well-nigh impossible, and accidents occur.

The extent to which the railroad companies are liable for accidents, many of which are plainly beyond the control of the injured persons, is a subject in which the whole public is interested. If a passenger is killed or injured, there is redress at the hands of the companies, amounting to thousands of dollars of money. But the case of the railroad employe is an altogether different matter. There is an implied

contract in railroading that the employe takes upon himself all the ordinary risks incident to his calling. Consequently he can recover no compensation. According to a rule known as the rule of common employment, carried over from English law, there was formerly no liability of the employer for accidents caused by any fellow-workman. In practice, "fellow-workman" was made, as in the case of railroading, to cover even the foremen and superintendent, and liability for accidents has been limited to such as occurred by the personal negligence of the masters themselves. But this was practically to leave the corporations to go scot free, for they have nothing whatever to do with the employes personally. Accordingly, in the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 (England), it was attempted to remedy the extreme injustice of this interpretation, and to make the acts or defaults of agents who discharged the duties, the personal acts or defaults of the principals. The act, as passed, is not satisfactory, and new amendments have been proposed. Many of the American States have passed restrictive acts, but in only ten is there any liability on the part of the employer for injuries caused by the negligence of a fellow-workman. France, Germany, and Holland protect the laborer in general very much better than either England or America, and have long done so.

Among the most interesting discussions is the movement toward Railroad Employes' Relief Associations. The hardships at law have undoubtedly had much to do with bringing these about. The relief association among the employes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will furnish a good illustration of the general idea. The object was to furnish relief in case of injury, and a death benefit in case of natural or accidental death. The benefits are of different kinds. There is a fifty-cent daily allowance for a period not exceeding twenty-six weeks, for a member of the lowest class, in a case of total disability. After twenty-six weeks the allowance is reduced by one-half. The cost of this insurance is one dollar a month. On the death of a member from injuries received in discharge of his duty in the service, five hundred dollars will be paid. From any

other cause than accidental injuries received in the discharge of duty in the service, the death benefit is two hundred and fifty dollars. The service of the company is divided into five classes, beginning with those who receive not over thirty-five dollars monthly pay, and ending with those who receive more than one hundred dollars. The treasurer of the company is the custodian of the funds, and its officers manage the work of the association. The company distributes large quantities of remedies for the diseases most common upon the lines, and a rigid sanitary inspection is maintained. A corps of salaried physicians is employed by the association and assigned to districts. They not only investigate cases of disability, but also see that members are supplied with proper medical attention, and the necessary aid. All the rights of a member leaving the service are respected so far as to allow him to retain the death benefit so long as he pays premiums therefor.

EXECUTIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN the solution of a curious historical question, the Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has been so good as to direct an inquiry as to the public executions in that State for the first thirty-seven years after the year 1783. It may be that the report will be of use elsewhere, and we gladly print it for the first time.

Name.	Place.	Crime.	Executed.
John Mansfield	Worcester	Burglary	June 19, 1783
William Huggings	"	"	" " "
Cassumo Garcilli	Suffolk	Murder	Jan. 15, 1784
Dirach Grout	"	Burglary	Oct. 28, 1784
Francis Couvin	"	"	" " "
John Dixon	Bristol	"	Nov. 17, 1784
Richard Barriek	Suffolk	Highway Robbery	Nov. 18, 1784
John Sullivan	"	"	" " "
Alexander White	Middlesex	Piracy	" " "
William Scott	Suffolk	Burglary	May 5, 1785
Thomas Archibald	"	"	" " "
Hannah Piggm	Hampshire	Murder	July 21, 1785

Name.	Place.	Crime.	Executed.
Johnson Green	Worcester	Burglary	Aug. 17, 1786
Isaac Coombs	Essex	Murder	Dec. 21, 1786
Peter Wilcox, Jr.	Berkshire	"	No report.
John Shean	Suffolk	Burglary	Nov. 22, 1787
William Clarke	Hampshire	"	Dec. 6, 1787
John Bly	Berkshire	"	" " "
Charles Rose	"	"	" " "
Joseph Taylor	Suffolk	Highway Robbery	May 8, 1788
Archibald Taylor	"	" "	" " "
Abiah Converse	Hampshire	Murder	July 17, 1788
John O'Neil	Bristol	"	Sept. 4, 1788
Rachel Wall	Suffolk	Highway Robbery	Oct. 8, 1789
William Smith	"	" "	" " "
William Denoffee	"	" "	" " "
Edward Vail Brown	"	Burglary	Oct. 14, 1790
John Bailey	"	"	" " "
Samuel Hadlock	Lincoln	Murder	Oct. 28, 1790
Samuel Frost	Worcester	"	Oct. 31, 1793
Edmund Fortis	Lincoln	"	Sept. 25, 1794
Pomp (negro)	Essex	"	Aug. 10, 1795
Henry Blackbourne	"	"	Jan. 14, 1796
John Stewart		Burglary	April 6, 1797
Stephen Smith	Middlesex	"	Oct. 12, 1797
Samuel Smith	"	"	Dec. 26, 1799
Jason Fairbanks	Norfolk	Murder	Sept. 10, 1801
Ebenezer Mason	"	"	Oct. 7, 1802
John Battis	"	Rape	Nov. 8, 1804
Ephraim Wheeler	Berkshire	"	Feb. 20, 1806
Dominick Daley	Hampshire	Murder	June 5, 1806
James Halligan	"	"	" " "
Joseph Drew	Suffolk	"	July 21, 1808
Ebenezer Ball	Hancock	"	Oct. 31, 1811
Henry Pyner	Hampshire	Rape	Nov. 4, 1813
Ezra Hutchinson	Berkshire	"	Nov. 18, 1813
Henry Phillips	Suffolk	Murder	March 13, 1817
Peter Johnson	Berkshire	Rape	Nov. 25, 1819
Michael Powers	Suffolk	Murder	May 25, 1820

RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Ramabai Association has been postponed until February, and a notice will be given in our next issue of the date.

Letters have been received from Miss Hamlin, who arrived in Bombay November 8th. She is at present occupying a room in the school building, which she pronounces "pretty, neat, and commodious, and well adapted to the needs of the school." She finds excellent organization along the lines of study. "Ramabai teaches with enthusiasm and vigor, and the girls attend to her instruction with rapt attention."

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter:—

"The climate is delightful, warm in the middle of the day, cool during the nights, and in the evenings and mornings, while the sea is not far away on two sides of us.

"Ramabai is looking well. Mano is a delight, just as sweet and charming as she can be, and of great value among the girls, who love her very much. She is a noble, unselfish child, and worthy of her mother."

* * * * *

"Godibai is a dear girl. When the brotherhood of humanity first dawned upon her mind as Christ taught it, she went to Miss D——, and, in her imperfect English, one word at a time, with difficulty, but delight, exclaimed: 'You — are — my — sister!'

"Saturday morning when I arose I went to the sitting-room, a very pleasant room, with books and pictures, a wide lounge, etc. On the lounge were eight of the older girls, intently listening to Ramabai, who, with a book in her hand, was very earnestly talking to them. I suspected it was a Bible lesson, and sat quietly until it was ended. Then Ramabai knelt, and each girl knelt with her, most reverently and joyfully. Then Ramabai prayed in her beloved Marathi, — a prayer full of

fervor, with the occasional 'amen,' and the girls remained kneeling.

"At the close each girl came quietly forward, and Ramabai said a kind word, and bestowed upon each a kiss which made them very happy, as I could see.

"I said to her, 'Why, how is this? I thought there was to be no religious teaching.'

"Her reply was, 'These are my own private prayers. No girl is compelled to come in; but, one by one, they have come of their own accord. At first, when they heard me here with Mano, they peeped in the door, then they one by one ventured a little further, occasionally one would sit, but all would leave when I knelt to pray. Now you see they all join with me, they seem to enjoy it, and I think they are getting great good from it.'

"I spoke of one girl with a very interesting face. I was told that at first she was very ill-behaved, would venture into the room and suddenly dart out, but little by little ventured in, and is now one of the most interested.

"When they asked Ramabai what she was doing, she told them they were her prayers, which all Christians must have. At that time she read with Mano the English Bible, without exposition. The Marathi translation is so obscure and difficult that, with the girls, she feels obliged to explain as well as read.

"Are you not afraid that Hindu parents will refuse to send their children to you when they know of this?'

"No,' she said, 'because it is not compulsory, and I do it at the request of the girls. They have asked me for half an hour's regular instruction every day, and I give it to them.'

"The spirit of the school is very sweet, the girls seem very happy. I have met several native gentlemen, and they seem greatly pleased with the school. I have to-day met a very intelligent Hindu, member of the Brahmo-Somaj.

"He said to me, 'I am glad to learn you have not come to Americanize this school; that you have sympathy with Hindu lines of thought.'

"He spoke of the difficulty of bringing women out, and the improbability of their coming out themselves. I pointed to Ramabai.

"'Ah!' he said, 'there is not another Ramabai in all India.'

"Ramabai rises at three a. m., gives an hour to correspondence, attends to her own work, and is ready at five o'clock for the girls.

"It is the custom for the girls, after prayers, to attend to their rooms, dress, bathe, breakfast, and study. Miss D—— comes at ten, and her work continues till half-past two in the afternoon, without intermission."

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Bay State Trust Co., 87 Boylston Street, Boston, is the treasurer of the Ramabai Association, and will gladly receive money to be devoted to general expenses, or the building fund, as may be desired by the giver. Particulars with regard to the work may be had by addressing Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, N. Y.

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BOSTON. — *Associated Charities*. Tenth Annual Report. *President*, Robert Treat Paine; *Secretary*, George A. Goddard. The object is to combine the various charities so as to secure relief for the needy, and aid them in assisting themselves.

BOSTON. — *Roxbury Charitable Society*. Ninety-fourth Annual Report. *President*, Joseph G. Shed; *Secretary*, M. Everett Ware. The object of the Society is to afford relief to the poor of the town. Aid is given also from a Diet Kitchen and Dispensary. Current expenses, \$13,069.85; balance on hand, \$38,974.84.

BOSTON. — *Howard Benevolent Society*. Seventy-seventh Annual Report. *President*, Samuel B. Craft; *Secretary*, George F. Bigelow, M. D. The object of the Society is the "relief of the sick and destitute in the city of Boston." Current expenses, \$7,902.99; balance on hand, \$8,445.87.

BOSTON. — *Children's Aid Society*. Twenty-fifth Annual Report. *President*, George S. Hale; *Clerk*, Horace D. Chapin. The Society provides a temporary home for vagrant, destitute, and exposed children, and furnishes such other relief as may be desirable. Current expenses, \$21,122.47; balance on hand, \$566.64.

DEDHAM, MASS. — *Temporary Asylum for Discharged Female Prisoners*. Twenty-sixth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. Henry B. Mackintosh; *Secretary*, Miss Mary L. Adams. The Asylum furnishes a home for discharged female prisoners until some work can be found for them. Current expenses, \$8,657.63; balance on hand, \$1.64.

NEW YORK. — *Bethlehem Day Nursery*. Seventh Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. Clinton Ogilvie; *Secretary*, Miss M. M. Norwood. Children under seven years of age are

received in the Nursery from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., by the payment of five cents by the parents. Current expenses, \$2,730.34; balance on hand, \$494.23.

NEW YORK. — *Orphan Asylum Society*. Eighty-second Annual Report. *First Directress*, Mrs. Jonathan Odell; *Secretary*, Miss Bella Mathews. Orphans are received into the Home from babyhood to the age of ten years, and are put out on indenture at the age of twelve. Current expenses, \$28,904.04; balance on hand, \$725.85.

LEND A HAND HOME.

THE Charity Committee of the Associated Clubs near Boston hope to open a home and day nursery in one of the largest wards of the Murdock Hospital. It is especially intended for working-women who are widows and have children under five years of age.

Our friends, and especially the clubs in New England, are invited to contribute money, clothing for children, or stores for table use. Any club contributing twenty-five dollars will be permitted to nominate an inmate, under the conditions laid down by the managers.

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JOHN STILMAN SMITH Manager.

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